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The BYSTANDER

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The Bystander, August 21, 1934

No. 1601. Vol. CXXIII.

The BYSTANDER

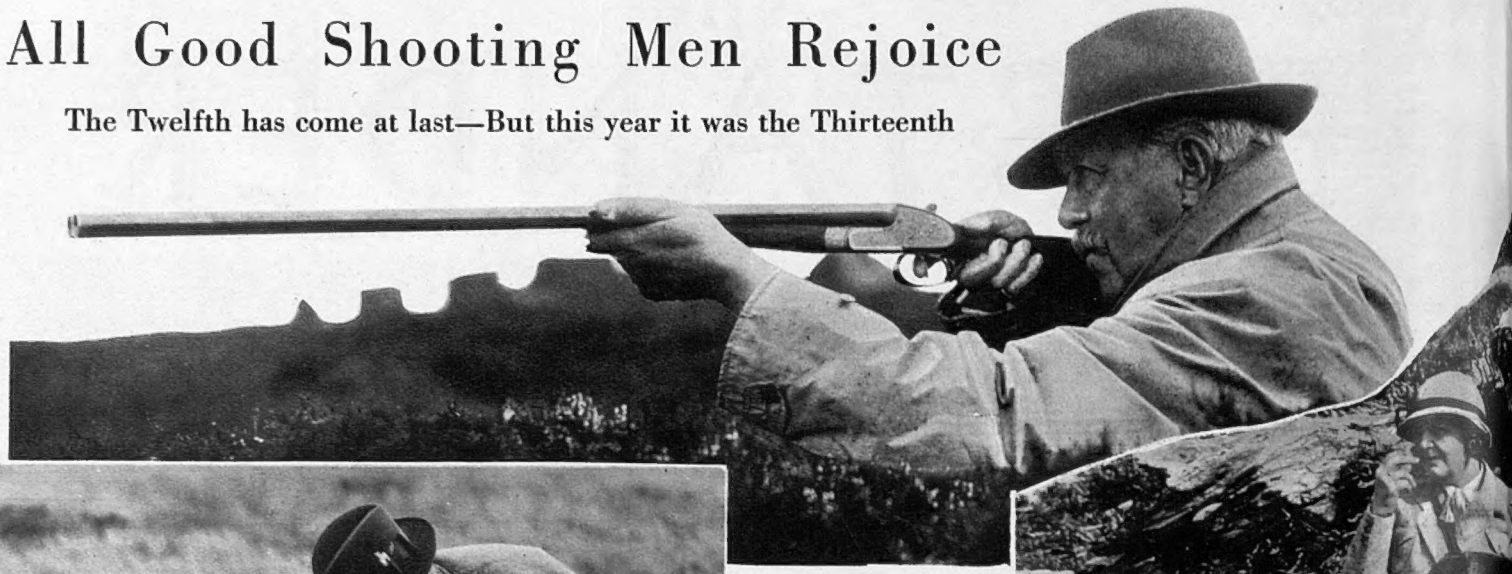
The "Thirteenth"

On a Perthshire Moor

Last week the serious business of the Scottish Season was begun. Scotsmen, Englishmen and Americans strode easily or puffed heavily, according to their habits for the rest of the year, up the steep flanks of heather-covered hills, and then sat happily in their butts, in the August sun and wind, waiting for the grouse. At Riemore, in Perthshire, Mr. Michael Lyle, the subject of this grand picture, was shooting in his father's party: he is the youngest son of Sir Archibald Lyle, of Glendelvine, Murthly

All Good Shooting Men Rejoice

The Twelfth has come at last—But this year it was the Thirteenth



In Yorkshire

Above: Colonel Stanyforth was one of Lord Illingworth's guns for the opening day's shooting on his Yorkshire moor

Left: Lord Illingworth takes one of the first of the 1934 grouse from his Labrador, Safety, after a drive. His shoot is Ramsgill, near Harrogate

Below, left: a picture of Lord Devonport on his pony, without which no record of the Twelfth of August would be complete. He had his usual party for the first day over the Kinloch moors

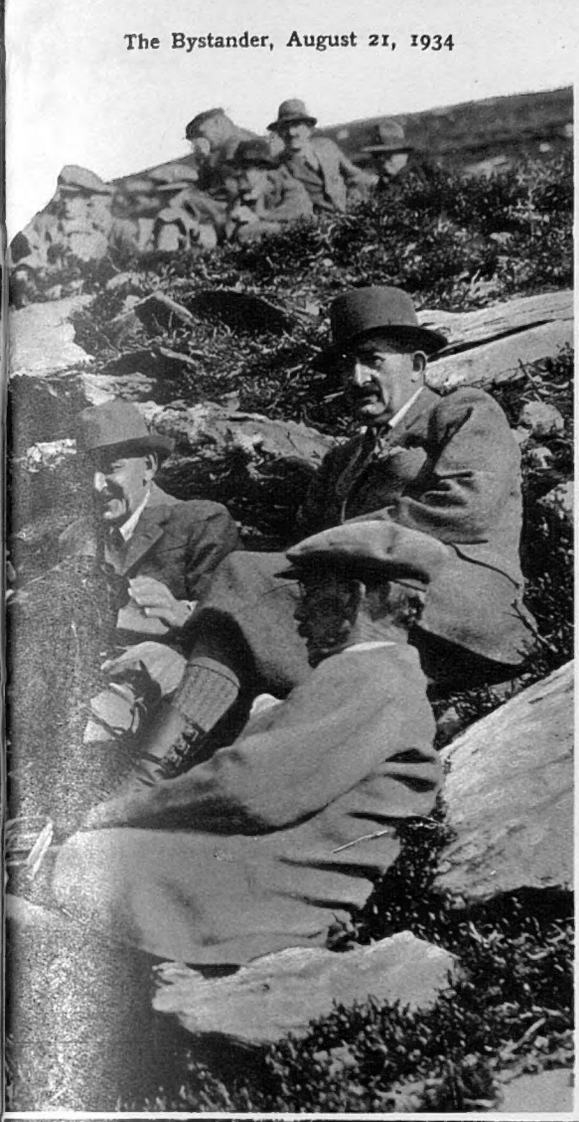
Waiting for the Draw for Places

Mrs. T. M. Burrell, Sir Herbert Cayzer, Sir George Hennessy and Mr. Lionel Bulteel are all regulars in Lord Devonport's party, at Kinloch, near Dunkeld

Lord Devonport Rides over his Perthshire Moor

Kilts at Riemore

Mr. Robin Lyle, Sir Archibald Lyle's second son, and Mr. F. C. Graham, youngest son of Sir Frederick Graham, walking in the hot August sunshine between drives over Riemore



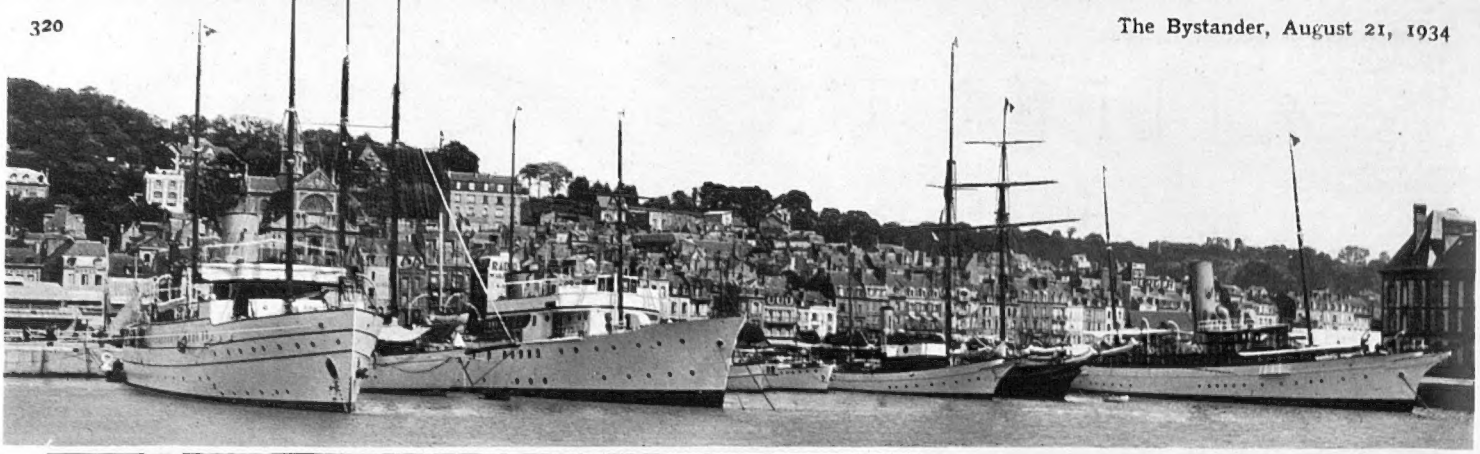
Left: Lord Whitburgh, who, with a party of seven guns, got 159 brace over the Hopes, East Lothian, on the 13th. He was shooting from Whitburgh House, Ford

A Lowland Shoot

Below: Mr. Herbert Pulitzer's party at Girn Hill, Amulree, Perthshire. The lunch group includes Mr. Keith Murray, Miss Grace Amory, Mrs. Pulitzer, Mr. Gurnee Munn, the Duke of Algeciras, Mrs. John Gaston, Mr. T. D. Boardman, Lord Portarlington and Mr. Herbert Pulitzer

Above: Lady Illingworth and Mr. Guy Moreton waiting for lunch out on the Ramsgill Moor. Lord Illingworth used to have a place in Yorkshire, but now entertains from Harrogate during the grouse-shooting season

Left: Sir Archibald Lyle, his daughter, Miss Dorothea Lyle, a ghilly and the pony that brings the lunch out, on Riemore. Sir Archibald Lyle's place is Glendelvine



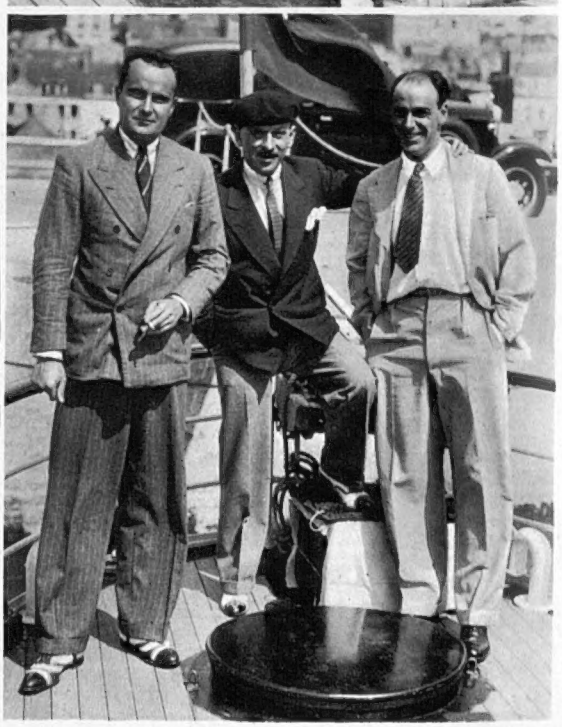
Deauville

Where Yachting and Racing People (and Others) Go in August

Above: the party on Sir Gomer Berry's yacht, Princess. Back row—Mr. Lionel and Lady Hélène Berry, Sir Gomer and Lady Berry, Miss Ghistaine Dresselhuys; in front—Douglas, Oswald, and Pamela Berry, Mrs. Deneth Berry, Tony Berry, and Deneth Berry

Right: Mrs. Sneyd and Miss Helen Vayne on board Colonel Bennett-Stanford's boat, Oceana, which he sailed over to the Normandy coast after Cowes week

Right, below: Mr. George Elliott, M. Nicko Zographos, the head of the Greek syndicate which run the baccarat bank at Deauville, and the Hon. Jack Michelham



Above: Miss Eva Austin, Mr. Eddie Tatham, and Mrs. Roger Eykyn waiting for their drinks at the Bar de Soleil

Right: Mr. Pat Eagan, Miss Carmen Corry, Lady Corry's daughter, Lord Michelham, and Dr. Gavin. Lord Michelham has the Sorais out there, which he has chartered from Constance, Duchess of Westminster

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 64. R. E. S. Wyatt

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

It is typical of R. E. S. Wyatt that scarcely any member of the public knows what his initials stand for—Robert Elliott Storey. In a way, he looks rather like a dark edition of Leslie Henson, being short and slight and with large, full eyes. But of course he doesn't wear spectacles. He is, too, fond of practical jokes with prickly pears and snakes. Once, at Muizenberg in South Africa, Ian Peebles turned the tables, or rather the bed-clothes, on him. But that is his story and not mine.

Wyatt gives the impression, rightly, of being rather afraid of women. His taste in music extends to brassy gramophone records; but he is a good hockey-player and a class figure-skater. Still, he talks of nothing except cricket. His home is at Meriden (hence Meridian) in the very heart of England, though he was born in Surrey and educated at King Henry VIII's in Coventry, where he learnt his cricket. It is on record, however, that at his preparatory school he bowled the other side out for eleven runs, thus tying the score. Every year since 1926 he has played for the Gentlemen against the Players, and in 1928 became the first Warwickshire amateur to score two thousand runs for his county in one season. He is a non-drinker and a non-smoker, dislikes umpires who give wrong decisions, is fond of ginger beer, and in the M.C.C. tour of 1927 achieved the dream of every cricketer—making a century and doing the hat trick in the same day. Actually, he is quite a good right-hand medium bowler, with a swerve either way. He is fond of motoring and flying and, wisely, was superstitious enough to borrow P. T. Eckersley's lucky four-shilling piece with which to toss for innings against the Australians. He is very modest and retiring, but occasionally his personality flowers in the sun—when someone has surreptitiously put a spot of brandy in his ginger ale.

As a skipper he is open to a good deal of criticism. When he captained England against the Australians for the first time, in 1930, he immediately went and fielded in the deep. Well, I mean to say! Then at Manchester some thought it ill-advised to keep his fast bowlers on when the last two Australian batsmen were fighting to save the follow-on. Snicks off Clark and Gubby Allen are easy. Why didn't he stick to his slow bowlers? At Leeds, too, his choice of bowlers was criticised, though, fortunately, he had the sense to consult Patsy Hendren every now and then.

Their Native Heath . . . Popular Rendezvous and Their Patrons

No. 8. THE SUMMER SPORTING CLUB, MONTE CARLO: By Charles Graves

BLUE and pink fountains, cream-coloured walls, green baize tables, some of them covered with the (to me) indecipherable hieroglyphics of Monte Carlo hazard, a crystal dance-floor on the ground level, two more on the long, flat second-storey roof, the admirable curve of the croupier's pedigree moustaches, the whole sprinkled with yet another edition of "Les Girls"—you simply can't get them out of your hair down here—such is the biscuit-coloured Summer Sporting Club at Monte Carlo.

HERE comes to dine, at about 11 p.m., Mrs. Reggie Fellowes, her hair cut as boyishly as "Bea" Lillie's, with little gold wings (on her head) and one of those simply fearfully expensive dresses. Maybe she gambles, but I did not see her do so. Here comes to dine, at about 11.15 p.m., Peggy Hopkins Joyce. Peggy has not opened her villa, Le Petit Chien Bleu (what a delicious name!) this year. Instead, she is staying at the Hotel de Paris. "I am on the water-wagon," she will confide to you. Next month she goes back to Hollywood for another picture.

1

(1) Mrs. F. Bartholomy Jelke, Frazer Jelke's American daughter-in-law, went to Monte Carlo via London

(2) "Chato" Elizaga, is a ranch-owning Mexican, but he lives a good deal in Paris

(3) Mrs. Lorenzo Elizaga, "Chato's" American wife, was Mrs. Jack Boisevain (née) Estrella Carroll

(4) Camillo Aldao, the popular South American, expertly discussing "Les Girls" with Charles Graves

(5) Lady Ashley wears a pink blouse with her buff shorts. She spent most of July in Monte as well

(6) Sir Adrian Baillie puts a camera face on, plus three straws in his mouth

3

4

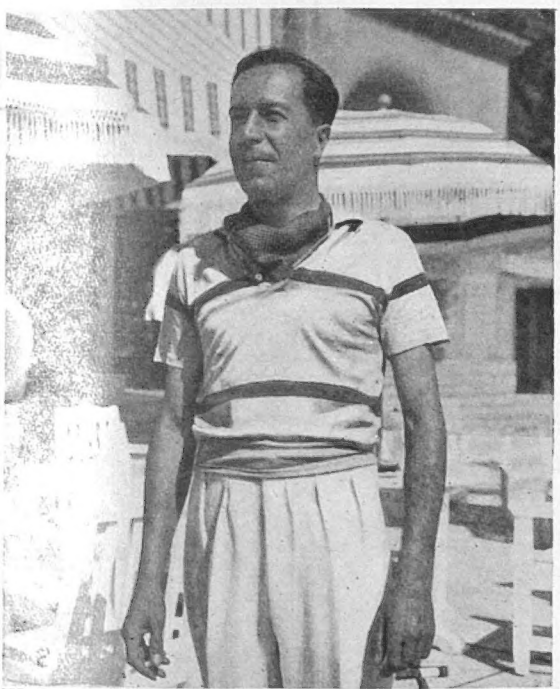
She 's still wearing those big diamonds and is, in consequence, an object of sheer veneration to " Les Girls." After all, they are only beginners.

THEN there is Elsa Maxwell, blunt and black-haired, looking rather like a tug beside the slim, yacht-like lines of Lady Castlerosse, whose queer, enigmatic smile always reminds me of la Giaconda. At the high table railed off from the common people sits Lady Ashley (yes, I saw her with my own eyes). Stephen Raphael, despite his gentle face, takes the bank at baccarat. That boy is rich. They tell me he has £50,000 a year. What 's more, he is a good gambler. He is also a friend of George K. Arthur. George has been down here, too. I like his funny little upturned nose.

THEN there is the Grand Duke Dmitri. His wife is in Austria, I fancy. In London we all bow and call him " Sir " (that is, if we have any manners), while our womenfolk curtsey. Here everyone seems to call him " Dmitri," and more or less slap him on the back. His favourite numbers used to be 17 and 32. Now, I am told, he has switched to 28 and 29.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS (perhaps you had already guessed he'd been here) got so brown that it was scarcely credible. There seems to be no limit to the tanning he enjoys. Yes, he can certainly take it. Funny how much taller he looks in his pictures. Bobby Northman, business manager to Felix Ferry, looks like a very tired Bobby Howes. Camillo Aldao is also tied up with the " Les Girls' " management. They say he is a very good judge of clothes. The Riviera without Camillo would be incomplete. Hilda Knight, who was in the first bunch of " Les Girls " at the Dorchester (remember ?) backs No. 2 at roulette. She won over six mille the other evening.

Edythe d'Erlanger, sweet and sad-looking, plays both roulette and chemin de fer, but does better at the latter. Her favourite number seems to be 18. Alexander Korda is a " chemmy " player. Watch him ajoutant other banks. Baron Beza, a rich, hook-nosed young Argentinian, plays roulette. One day he will either be President—or he won't. He says he does not know which.



GUY CARLETON is down here on his honeymoon. I told him not to gamble. The two never go together. Another honeymooner is Dennis Berry, who married a Rothschild. The Edward Wills may also be seen chancing their arm. They came over in a yacht from Cannes—and, incidentally, it was quite rough. Then, what about the Adrian Baillies ? Poor dears, they lost all their luggage, having registered it direct from London. They both like a gamble—chemin de fer preferred. But let 's go to the cocktail bar and see who is there.

MEET Joan Connors—one of " Les Girls "—an athletic blonde who plays the fruit machine at the Hotel de Paris all day. You 'll probably see her in London, for it looks as though this show is going to hit the Metropolis in the

(*Continued on page* ii)

5

6

Second Thoughts on First Nights

A New Side to an Old Triangle

Sketches by Gitano

(Left) Alice Overton (Constance Cummings) on discovering that her husband (Nicholas Hannen) doesn't mind when she reveals her love for another man, declares that nothing could be more perfect

(Below) Phillips (Robert Gilbert), the butler, is always on hand to provide necessary stimulants at certain critical matrimonial moments, in the House of Overton

"Sour Grapes" (Apollo)

I WONDER in how many plays since the first one was written—who did write the first play, by the bye?—the theme of husband, wife and lover has been used? One would think that by this time no new twist could possibly be given to an age-long recipe, yet, without pretending I know every play on the subject which has been staged, I believe that the American author, Vincent Lawrence, in *Sour Grapes*, has evolved a fresh idea to bring together an estranged married couple.

To recapture happiness, the husband suggests a game of let's pretend. In effect he says: "I don't care for you any more than you care for me, but I'm going to act the part of loving husband, you shall play the affectionate wife, and in time acting will give place to reality and all will be rosy rapture once more."

IT was a coincidence that, just before seeing this play, I had been reading the opinion of a famous Divorce Court barrister on the subject. It was this: "One thing is certain: if the woman is already in love with another man, she cannot be persuaded or argued into a rekindled affection for her husband. Once a woman who has loved one man has fallen out of love with him and into love with another, there is no cruelty known to any created being—human or animal—to equal that with which she will treat the first man."

If counsel's opinion is correct, and I fear it is, this makes the dénouement of *Sour Grapes* savour more of stage trickery than faithful psychology; but one can forgive this when the dramatist, as here, has previously handled the old, old theme so freshly, and wittily.

There are countless neat little touches throughout the earlier scenes which possess the merit of being amusing in themselves, and yet absolutely true to character as delineated by the author. It is quite on the cards that a husband who is living a humdrum existence with his wife, when he learns that she is in love with a younger man, may suddenly realise that, instead of his life being shattered, there is a chance of his finding a happier—or more exciting—one elsewhere, and, instead of flying into a passion, may blurt out, in effect, that this confession suits him admirably.

There is subtlety in the portraiture of the wife and her reactions to this statement, and I suppose it is possible that there are young men whom a sudden passion will turn into the vilest of cads, as in this play. At all events, this keen eye for character gives the small cast opportunities for keeping an audience thoroughly entertained. Nicholas Hannen's husband could not be bettered. Roger Livesey as the lover who throws over his fiancée, but feels compelled to return to her when he learns that she will have a child by him, does wonders with a horribly unsympathetic part. Judy Gunn, who is the fiancée, plays with power her one strong scene; and Robert Gilbert as a butler—not comic, thank heaven—is the acme of discretion.

THE remaining part is the wife, played by Constance Cummings, who has made her name on the screen. On some previous occasions I have seen film stars in plays, and felt that the sooner the camera claimed them again the better it would be for all concerned. Not so Constance Cummings. She is a delightful comedienne, gifted with brains and good looks—a most welcome addition to the leading ladies of the stage.

VERNON WOODHOUSE.

Jim Milburn (Roger Livesey) attempts to mend the heart of his fiancée, Margaret Lawson (Judy Gunn), by assuring her that the kiss she saw him giving Mrs. Overton was merely a "good-bye-for-ever" gesture

Yesterday They Looked Like This . . .

No. 4. Jean Harlow Then and Now

How the original platinum blonde has changed her style! Hollywood's a great transformer, and it 's made a goodish job of the baby-face schoolgirl from Kansas City who ran away from home to make films. She got her contract right away, but her guardian objected, and she had to go back to Kansas City and placate him before her career really began. Her first film was a Laurel and Hardy one, " Double Whoopee " ; her first noticeable success was in a very backless dress in " Hell's Angels." Then she went to M.-G.M. and co-starred in " Red Dust," was promoted to stardom on her own, and made a big hit in " Blonde Bombshell." And what a lot of work the hairdressers owe to her platinum head. . . .

Jean Harlow in Her Teens

The Diocletian Wing at Bowood, in Wiltshire

Entertaining Without Tears

or, Below Stairs in those Noble Seats

By Mirón

Sketches by John Reynolds

TWENTY thousand breakfast-trays, all exactly alike, are carried daily upstairs by footmen at the same hour in all the (more or less) noble seats of England and there handed to the visitors' maids, who are not allowed to approach the kitchens. The technique of English country-house life and entertaining is made up of just such details invariably, amusingly the same. Consider those trays. Always you find the exhibition fruit from the garden lying on a vine leaf, the hot dish and china from South Audley Street, the cloth of coloured linen matching the napkin in the breast of which lies a still-warm scone. The Right Thing is being Done. . . . But behind this simple tray—what a machine, what a century-old organisation! The whole world has studied—and copied—English country life, the season of which never really ends because we have the only liveable outdoor climate. As grouse gives way to partridge and partridge to pheasant, the nomads of Mayfair move from county to county, and the only differences are between the two main types of country house.

The old English houses blend a spartan discomfort with the last whiff of the nineteenth century—brass hot-water cans, white china door-knobs, floors carpeted to the skirtings, felted corridors with the second-best pictures, chintzed sofas in the bedrooms, the bathrooms rare, uncompromising and resonant like the waiting-room in a country junction. The Young Smart houses have a bath-room for every visitor, radiators, radiograms, refrigeration, floodlit tapestries and madonna lilies, water-softening, and, doubtless, in time, air-conditioning—a mechanised life that is chic and aseptic but less distinguished, less sympathetic. I prefer the old grandeur—it may not be with us much longer, and how restful it is! Such a good way of enduring a cure, we feel, as we read our Disraeli or Trollope in bed and pretend to put back the calendar of years . . .

BEHIND those long park-walls, they lead a social life in which there is still much charm, some mystery, a little glamour. The country hostess is the world's best organiser of entertaining, and has more time to look after the details which the visitors also have more leisure to notice. "Visitors" they are called in the old houses, and "guests" in the new. Town hostesses are too much in the news, leading exhibitionist lives wherein everything is photographed, presumably as a warning to us all, from their dressing to their supper tables, that are a very jungle for ornament (puzzle is to find the food). And those close-ups of Lady X's casseroles deprive one of appetite. . . .

But the country-house party is a secret land-cruise for ever becalmed in an English park, with its own routine and customs. Elsewhere, the world has given up corresponding, but here the traditional reason for avoiding the others is to "write some letters." Débutantes who can't spell find themselves at their bedroom writing-tables. (I noticed the absence of writing-tables in American country houses, but their presence at Mr. Randolph Hearst's at St. Donat's the other day.) Sometimes, as at Petworth, one of our largest houses, able to hold fifty visitors for Goodwood, the notepaper has an engraving of the house. Always it is impressive. Creditors should be written to in the third person, like Queen Victoria rebuking Mr. Gladstone. A chronically-insolvent uncle of mine always wrote as from grand houses I am sure he never entered. His creditors were dazed by communications from Chatsworth, Welbeck, Belvoir, Blenheim. (We never discovered how he got his supplies.) If writing palls on the visitor, there are the bedside books which a thoughtful hostess has selected as suitable, so that a glance at their choice indicates her low (or otherwise) opinion of one. . . .

BELOW stairs is a bright world that is for ever 1890, though the same war that eliminated three empires has removed the still-room maid who specialised in cakes, tea, and coffee, while the duties of the groom-of-the-chambers—replenishing the countless writing tables as the visitors depart laden with loot—has been taken

"Débutantes who can't spell find themselves at their bedroom writing-tables"

over by the butler. Gone, too, is the usher-of-the-hall, who used to be found at houses like Bowood. The normal maximum in 1934 would be a butler with three footmen, a cook with three kitchen-maids, and the housekeeper with eight housemaids. But much additional staff is engaged in enormous houses like Eaton Hall for large parties where 110 have eaten below stairs, a number that included the servants of the forty odd guests. There are also such functionaries as the odd-men, proud, independent characters who do so much of the work but refuse to wear livery, preferring a shirt-sleeve life. (I understand it is quite lucrative to hold an odd-manship at one of these big places.)

The butler lives in his tail-coat, and I think he must sleep in it too, because he is found in it at four in the morning when the fire breaks out in the (deserted) East Wing. He is a mixture of Führer, Duce, hall-porter, and maître d'hotel, and his character has been drawn for all time by Barrie in *The Admirable Crichton*. He does not personally answer every bell that rings, like the overworked and usually over-portly butler of the Hollywood tradition. He is, in some houses, aided by the under-butler (in livery) who is chief guardian of the plate.

Hay Wrightson

The Marchioness of Lansdowne, Hostess at Bowood

Bertram Park

The Duchess of Westminster, Hostess at Eaton Hall

Eaton Hall, near Chester, the Duke of Westminster's place

An English gentleman in difficulties sells his books, his pictures, his hunters (in this order) before he sells his old silver. Many a big house has a vast silver room in the cellars with the silver permanently exhibited on baize or velvet-covered trays, elegantly fitted and certainly a dazzling spectacle when lit up. A rainy Sunday afternoon may see the host showing the bored visitors round. "This is Second George. . . . That is Paul Lamerie, of course. . . . On the other hand, if one consults Schaffer . . ." As he and they emerge, a scared figure flies out of their way. He is the humble but ambitious hall boy, who waits on the servants' hall and on the stewards' room. There was once a stewards' boy, but that post was abolished in 1914. . . .

THE Move to the Cheese, as it is known throughout Britain - below - stairs, is a grand old custom. The upper servants dining in Hall rise and, beer in hand, follow the Butler (a grave - procession, this) to the stewards' room for dainties denied to those left behind. Steward is the O.E. name for butler.

As to visitors' servants, they not only take their master's rank, as is well known, but answer to his name, too. It is startling to hear the bell ring and a cry of "Londonderry, you are wanted!" Lord Londonderry has rung for his valet. The miracle of country-house entertaining is the noiseless work of the housemaids—who constantly steal into bedrooms to arrange yet more face-towels. You never see them—it is as if an army of fairies were at work. Fairies? It is all fairyland to many, to the poor relations especially, who come together (to their mutual dislike) for Old Home Week, probably at Christmas. . . .

DAYLIGHT supper-party best describes breakfast in those older, grander houses where all, even the Dowager, come down to help themselves from a long row of copper hot-plates on the sideboard, uttering greetings of a forced heartiness but carefully sitting as far away as possible from each other at the endless table. More to our liking is the typical tray enjoyed in an enormous bedroom at Eaton for the Chester Races, with the pleasing thought that eighteen cars are placed at the disposal of the visitors and that we are being entertained to the utmost perfection. . . .

"The Move to the Cheese is a grand old custom"

In and Out of Town

Faces Seen by Molly Bishop

A Windswept Solent Trio

Miss Peta Davis, the Hon. Lady Chichester and Miss Somerville cruising off Cowes in Mr. Cyril Davis's motor-yacht, Atlantis. Peta Davis and Lady Chichester have both got this year's béret-with-a-peak yachting caps, which are easy to wear and more becoming than the orthodox sea hats. Lady Chichester's pom hated the whole thing

Mrs. Shevlin Smith

Left: Mrs. Shevlin Smith is an attractive American who is over here now, and has taken Lord Lytton's house for a short time. She was wearing a black velvet evening hat with a halo-ish look about it, and having supper at Quaglino's

A Tennis Star at Quag's

Here are two more Quaglino extension-night pictures. Prince Weikenheim was entertaining Mrs. Peter Horlick, and she was wearing her silver-fox cape. Above is Mr. Francis X. Shields, the star American tennis player, who is well-liked in London. He and his girl-friend made a nice-looking couple

Prince Weikenheim and Mrs. Peter Horlick

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

Amende Honorable

IT is only when Parliament is not sitting that one realises how much one misses the boys. We all get into the habit of jeering at them and abusing them, and, in general, blaming them for everything from overdrafts to triplets. But when they go away, and the air no longer resounds with their trilling, silvery giggles, and the columns of the news-sheets are no longer filled with snappy stuff about the number of halibut registered under the Board of Forestry Act during 1933, things do get rather slow. We have to depend suddenly on the comic papers for our real hearty laughter, instead of upon the Parliamentary reports that have been our stand-by for so many hilarious months. We ourselves, true, chivalrous men and women that we are, apologise to the St. Stephen's lads and lassies for our rudeness in the past, and we hope that they will return full of their usual mirth-provoking fun and games.

A Strange Procedure

WE yield to no one in our admiration of the push and energy of Mr. Hore-Belisha, the new Minister of Transport. His daring experiment of actually going out on to a road to watch the Bank Holiday traffic met with our warmest approval, even though he selected the wrong time of day and did not see any traffic. It is, perhaps, true that it did not require quite so much publicity and quite so many photographs to discover that bicyclists who ride in the middle of the road are more dangerous than those who ride near the kerb. But, there—we do not want to be captious. What does astonish us is that Mr. Hore-Belisha should be reported as intending to "leave no stone unturned" to solve the problem of the roads. Surely to take up all the roads at the height of the summer traffic is a little drastic. It will, of course, diminish the number of accidents if the roads are all up. On the other hand, the volume of traffic will be considerably diminished as well. We are reminded of a story which a friend told us the other day. He was working in a teak business in Burma and one day he lost an elephant. A hue and cry was raised and an S.O.S. despatched throughout the land. Next day a telegram arrived from an up-country station-master: "Am leaving no stone unturned to find Sahib's elephant."

"Meet my first husband"

Our Great Thinkers

THE following conversation was overheard by one of our astutest sleuths at Lord's recently. Two elderly pillars of the Conservative Party were discussing the immediate future of that gallant crew. "What we want, Sir, damme," said one, "is more open-air meetings. Carry the Word to the Masses, what?" "You're right, Sir, egad," replied the second. "But there's no use in holding meetings in the centre of London. We're all Tories here, thank heaven! But Whitechapel, Poplar, Shoreditch, Stepney—those are the places, what?" "Damme, Sir," replied the first, slapping his leg with his delicately nurtured hand, "you've hit it! I'll speak to the Central Office about it to-morrow." "Don't forget to tell them," said the second, "that it's no use holding meetings down there in August. You won't get an audience, because everyone is out of town."

Another Illusion Shattered

SO Guinness's dark and velvet brew does not owe its quality to the magic waters of the Liffey, and another of our dearest illusions goes west. How often have we laid down the law about it with the utmost confidence. Just as we used to think that Lloyd George guaranteed to make England a land fit for heroes, or that Sir Norman Angell said that war was impossible, or that Mr. Belloc invented the Russian steam-roller. Myths, all myths, and the world is a plaguey dull place.

Cricket Chit-Chat

WHETHER or not Messrs. Larwood and Voce play or do not play for England against Australia, we want to place on record, just to keep the statistics straight, that

"Now, once again, Eric, and just imagine that you're hand in hand with the fairy bluebell"

we are heartily and utterly sick of reading about Test cricket in the public prints, and that we do not mind if there are no more Test matches for several years. On the other hand, we freely admit that our enthusiasm might flare up again if a cricketer could be discovered whose name was Sotto. We would like to see him going in to bat with Voce.

Conductor, the Old School Song, Please

THE Fleet Street funny boys have earned a steady income for years by playing variations on the Pukka Sahib theme. The Eton Boating Song is one variation; the Dinner-Jacket in the Jungle is another; the dear old Alma Mater is a third, and a good, reliable line is the Flag. All these have been exploited to the uttermost farthing (an expression in Fleet Street meaning two guineas per thousand words), and now Life is following in the footsteps of Art, asyermightsay. For a gentleman has died in the wilds, in the very outposts of our far-flung Empire, and he has left behind a request that he should be buried in his cricket-club tie.

Best Wishes, and So On

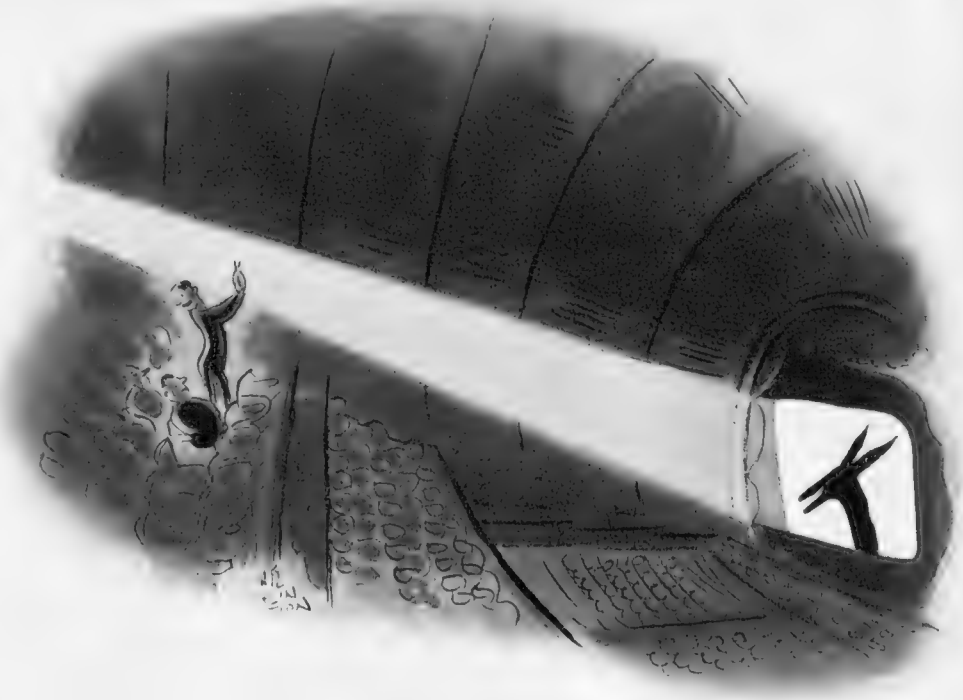
ALL her numerous fans will congratulate the charming Miss Merle Oberon on her engagement to Mr. Joseph Schenck. We would like to associate ourselves with these congratulations, and also with the suggestion of a friend of ours that it would be a graceful gesture if Mr. Schenck would change his name to Titania.

Bolshy Cracks

AN esteemed contemporary has published a lot of jokes from Moscow. Some of them are extremely funny. As, for example: a host of rabbits went rushing to the Polish frontier from all parts of Russia and begged for admission. "The Ogpu has issued orders," explained the rabbits, "for the arrest of all camels in the Soviet Union." "But you are not camels," replied the astonished Poles. "You just try to prove that to the Ogpu," retorted the rabbits.

A Talented Team

WE sent one of our ablest men last week down to the West Country to report on the doings of a celebrated cricket eleven which was devastating the land with fire and, so to speak, sword. Mr. Clifford Bax, poet and playwright, has for years organised a ten-days' tour in the neighbourhood of Bath,



"I didn't think I could do it!"

THE OLD SCHOOL TIE

No. 12.—Dulwich

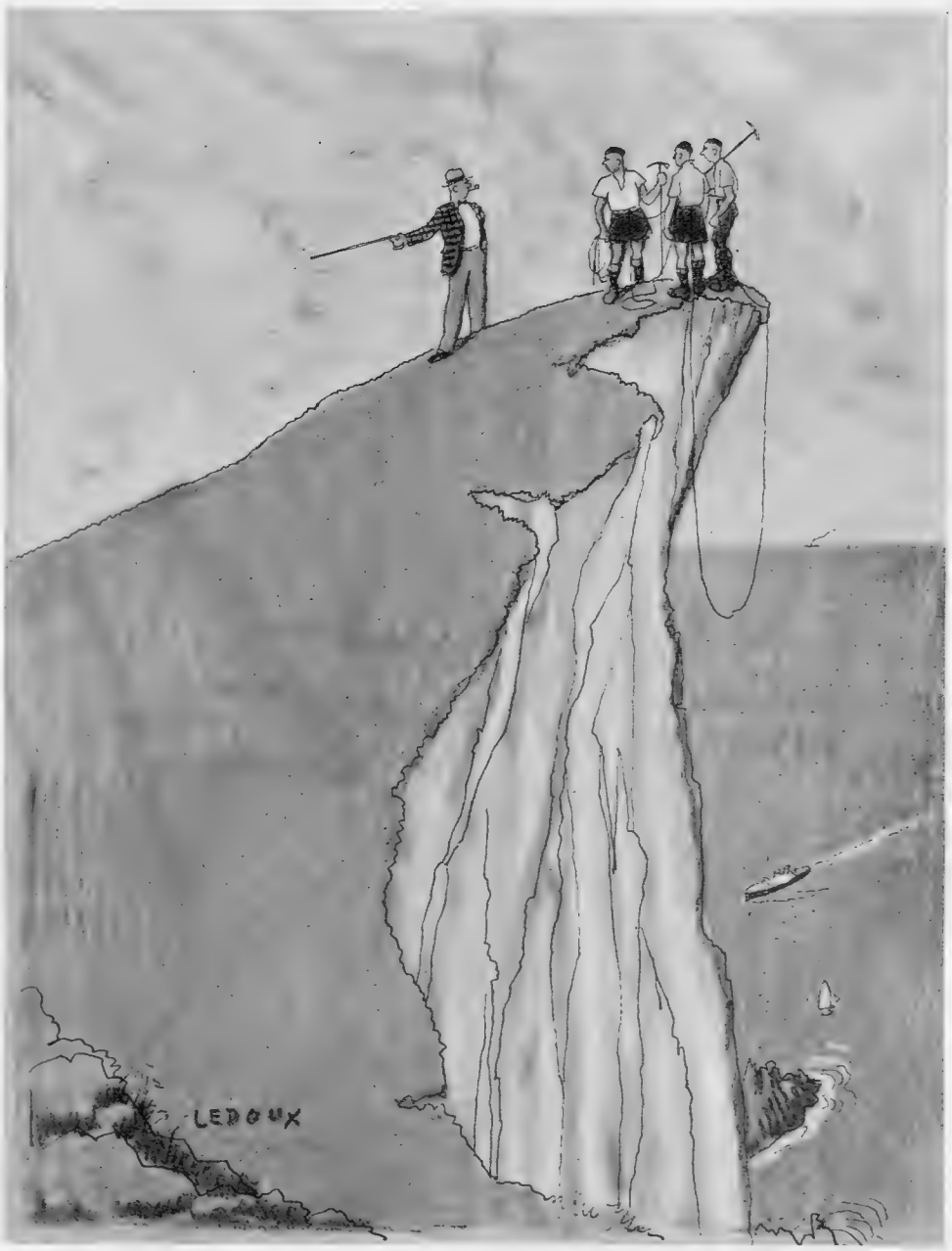
Light blue, dark blue, light blue, black
Set out on a pretty plan
Will surely put you on the track
Of an Old Alleynian.

WHEN Will Shakespeare came to London
To present his latest plays,
His producer, Alleyn, helped him
In innumerable ways,
And the profits thus accruing
Master Edward used to found
A new boys' school out at Dulwich
Where the teaching should be sound.

Old Alleyn is not forgotten,
For each Founder's Day they wear
Dark-blue cornflowers in honour
Of the man who builded there
With a loving skill that blossomed
At the school's far-distant birth
Till the fame of Dulwich went forth
To the farthest ends of earth.

Old Alleynians remember
Little things that yet mean much;
Trembling knees before the kick-off,
Then the thrill of finding touch;
"Sweet" delights within the Tuck Shop
And—a very painful thought!—
Visits to the Master when one
Had done things one "didn't ought"!

Yes, the memories come crowding
Of those days they used to know;
Of those thrice-accursed "Extras"
Which so often laid one low;
Of the Cloisters where they used to
Meet and talk with friends new-made,
When the world was still their oyster
And they faced life unafraid. B. W.



"I came this way; it's much easier, you know"

and a representative found a remarkable galaxy of various talents. He saw, for instance, Mr. Alec Waugh hitting sixes off a fast bowler to such an extent that the fast bowler almost burst into tears and tried to cut his throat with a batting glove. He saw Mr. Walton O'Donnell, conductor of the B.B.C. Military Band, striking the ball with the utmost vigour at one end, while Mr. Keith Falkner, the famous singer, struck it with the utmost vigour at the other. The musical atmosphere was strengthened by the delicate applause of Mr. Arnold Bax, once a redoubtable slow left-hander and now a keen spectator. Another member of this eleven was Mr. Kenneth Lindsay, M.P., who was prepared, at an instant's notice, to bowl a devastating off-break or to discuss Section 4, Paragraph 8, of the Glamorganshire (Local Government) Parochial Development Act of 1842. After the day's cricket was over, reports our emissary, the players settled down to a hideously complicated game of four-handed chess, which they played with many strange oaths and expletives.

Toujours Gai, Archy, Toujours Gai

LOVERS of Archy, the adorable cockroach, and Mehitabel, his feline friend, will remember that Mehitabel's motto in life was "toujours gai." However bad things were, and however many times she found herself with half-a-dozen new kittens, she always lived up to her motto. Our representative in the West, on his way back from watching the cricket, dropped in for a quick one at the Northey Arms, on the Bath Road. And who do you suppose he found in charge of the hostelry? Who do you suppose was the Patronne? Maisie Gay herself. No less a person than Maisie Gay. And just as full of vitality as ever. Rushing out to greet chars-a-banc, jollying the customers, flicking that inimitable eyelid that used to set the house in a roar—a real breath of the great days of music-hall comedy. In other words, as Mehitabel would have said, "Toujours Gay."

A Wave of Kings

RUMOURS are whizzing round the Chancelleries of Europe about an imminent revival of monarchs. Downing Street has its ear to the ground. The Quai d'Orsay is sounding the Yildiz Kiosk. The Ballplatz is on the qui vive, and the Wilhelmstrasse is oscillating. Ex-Kings are looking up, and ex-Chamberlains are polishing the regalia and the coronation plate in many a hotel in London. We ourselves got into a great muddle over a poster which said, "King Vidor's Plans," for of course we imagined that the great revival had actually begun. We seized our Statesmen's Year Book and tried very hard to discover what country King Vidor was reigning over. It could not be Albania, because Albania, having offered its crown to enough people to fill the Albert Hall, has finally settled down with its delightful Zog. Nor could it be Rumania, as that throne is occupied. We gave it up in despair in the end, and were somewhat annoyed when the office boy solved our difficulties by telling us exactly who Mr. King Vidor is.

THE BYSTANDERS.

Riviera Lament

I DO love bathing, but I don't like a bathing suit,
A woman with fine "this and that" can look quite cute;
But I'm a man, and quite apart from question of sex,
I concave where I shouldn't, and all the rest is convex.

The only advantage of masses of adipose tissue,
Is that, when once on the beach, your friends can't miss you;
My trouble is that I don't really look my best
Unless I am wearing my coat, shirt, pants and vest.

BUS

Decorations by Ardizzone

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

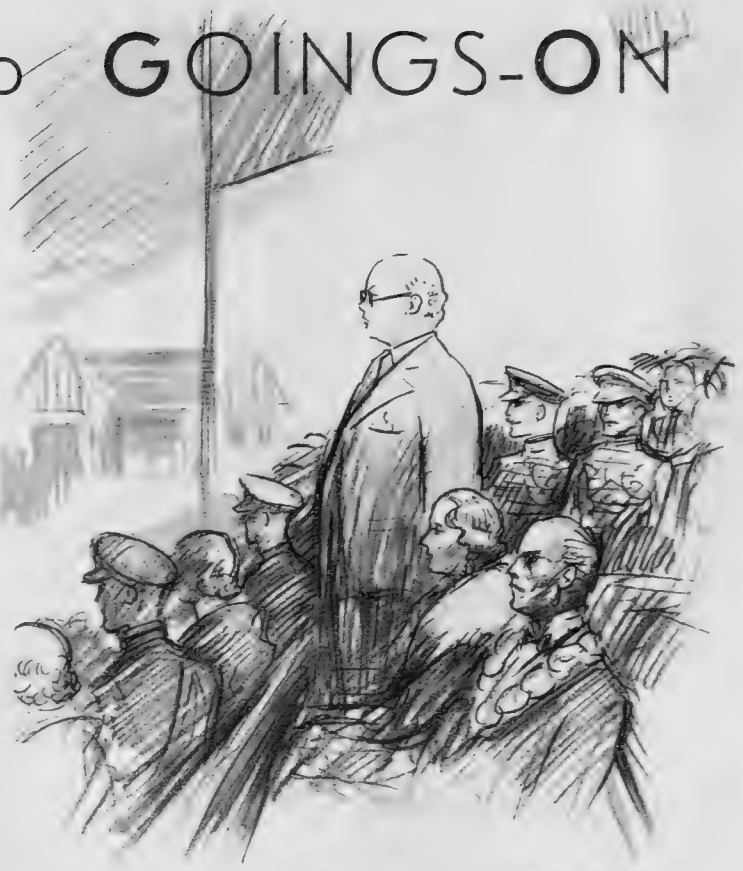
Sketches by Molly Bishop

CAN the London Season really be over? I am in grave doubts, for I have seen Lady Cunard at a first night—*Queer Cargo*. I thought she would have been transported to Salzburg, instead of which she was convoyed to the Piccadilly Theatre by Lord Berners. Some of the canned music which they played in the interval was the overture to *Rienzi*. A pity that not more of the faithful were at hand, to listen to her dissertation upon Wagner, though, like Sir Thomas Beecham, she infinitely prefers Mozart.

HAVING recently been transported myself to Deauville by Banco's daily casino-visitor, I must switch off for a moment from our metropolis to digress upon the Queen of the Watering Places of Northern France. Le Touquet is the Prince Regent, Dieppe rather the dowager, Pourville the page-boy (a fresh little rascal, too) of these resorts, but Deauville we must call the Queen, though she may be slightly morganatic.

BESIDES the lovely women of French Society who go there for the Grande Semaine, the Races, and the country-house life, as lived, for instance, in Mr. Benjamin Guinness's chateau near Lisieux, there are scores of other "lovelies," and, beautifully dressed as they may be, they are hardly eligible for the Royal Enclosure, or its French equivalent. Outside the Casino was a notice advertising the film *Chercheuses d'Or*." Some of the original shots could have been taken inside the Casino, without having to employ expensive film-stars.

Miss Rosemary O'Malley-Keyes having a last (hatless) lunch at Quaglino's before departing to that stronghold of the O'Malley-Keyes' family, Biarritz

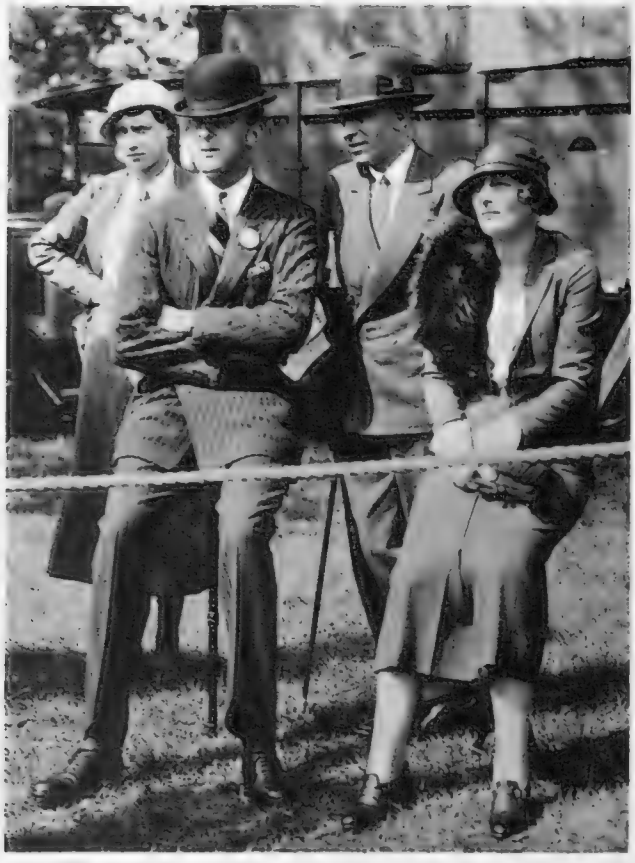


Lord Hailsham, Secretary of State for War, taking the salute at the Tidworth Tattoo, which was better than ever this year

AN annual event was the presence of Lord Michelham's yacht in the harbour, where his brother, Mr. Jack Michelham, is his guest. The latter believes in pulling his weight in the boat, so sallies forth each dawn in search of crustaceans to ease the weekly ward-room account.

RACING takes place most afternoons, either on the Deauville course or one within easy range. Always to be seen at the races are Mr. A. Kingsley ("King") MacComber, in a box with his wife and usually the Dudley Gilroys, who manage his horses. Sir Humphrey de Trafford,

Major Geoffrey Phipps-Hornby performing with energy in the Old Comrades' obstacle relay race at the 9th Lancers' sports at Tidworth



A Horse Event in Beaufortshire

Above: the Duke of Beaufort and Lady Helena Gibbs, his sister-in-law, watching the judging at the Beaufort Hunt Farmers' Club Show; it was held at Badminton

Right: Mrs. J. Thompson, the Marquise Mareno, and Mr. Anthony Drexel in a cocktail-bar in cosmopolitan Biarritz

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON (Cont)

Mr. Jack Clayton, Colonel Wilfred Egerton, and Lord Carnarvon lend a touch of Newmarket to the proceedings. Prince Aly Khan seems to be enjoying himself. He has done well both on the racecourse and in the Casino. Thelma Lady Furness has taken a villa. Her débutante charge, Miss Averil Loyd, has now left for Scotland.

Sir John and Lady Latta have been at the Normandy, as has their son, Mr. Cecil Latta: he has been polishing up his Chinese, as a compliment to the very attractive wife of Marshal Chang's brother. Those two hearty and hardy ex-nautics, Commanders Sir Melville Ward and Philip de Crespigny, have been in their best form. Sir Melville listened interestedly to the accounts given by Mlle. Lejeune of her numerous racing successes.

At the Golf Hotel, where Carroll Gibbons and his band are having a season, as well as performing at the Ambassadeurs on Saturday nights, Mr. and Mrs. Woolley Hart are among the most shining of its lights. Family life is much more to the fore in this hotel than in the others, where the "ladies of the town" gaily bedeck the view. But the weather has been bad: visitors have had to crowd into the Bar de Soleil at midday instead of outside it, and the red flag has been up on the mast-head—a warning to bathers.

M. Citroen is giving parties in his villa; Mr. Jack Michelham is a supporter of his cars, only not the very recent models, which is a pity, for they are what the motor trade call "lovely little jobs."

One of the great personalities of Deauville is Mr. Berry Wall (and his Chow), who was the Beau Brummel of New York in the 'nineties. He was once turned out of Sherry's for dining there in a dinner-jacket. That gave the columnists something to jump to. Colonel Benett-Stanford, who owns *Oceana*, is also one of the old school. Looking at Mr. Windover's lovely stream-lined Rolls-Royce on the quay-side, he said to him: "I had a body built by you a little time ago—a Victoria, in 1887."

Salzburg, Lido, Monte Carlo, Cannes, and Biarritz—that's where they mostly go if they go south of Paris. The Prince of Wales has drawn scores to Biarritz, where he has taken Mrs. O'Malley-Keyes's villa. Golf at Chiberta and Chantaco, the St. Jean de Luz course, has been his principal occupation. The Thion de la Chaume family are the founders of Chantaco, and all the parents and "in-laws" have villas near the course. Arnaud Massey, who won the Open Championship many years ago, is the "pro." there. Lady Poulett has gone off to the Lido, the Lady Bridget has been seen at Cannes, and at Monte Carlo there is a great motor-boat week which begins to-morrow. Mr. "Chips" and Lady Honor Channon do not quite take pride of place at Salzburg: so far Signor Toscanini has filled that rôle. Tauber, Lotte Lehmann, Pinza and Giannini are there, and Sidney Beer (no "Mr." now, for he is a fully-fledged conductor) has his schloss-party well filled for *Tristan and Isolde* on Friday night.

Right: Lady Robert Crichton-Stuart presenting the prizes at the North Bute Shinty Clubs Games at Rothesay. She was Lady Janet Montgomerie and married the Earl of Bute's second son last spring

International Trio at Biarritz

In addition to the grouse-shooting in Scotland, we have those added annual attractions in the form of Highland Games. Wild, outlandish yells which rebound from glen to glen, pipes, tossing cabers, flings, reeling (this is a form of dancing and should not be confused with an exit from the "local" at closing-time), and, above all, a goodly display of Highland dress are all prominent features of the Games. At the Inverary Meeting all the Argyllshire county families were represented, a fact of great interest to Argyllshire, but probably of little to Sussex, for instance. The Duke of Argyll was on the field as Chieftain of the Games, and others present included Colonel and Mrs. W. P. Macarthur (note the "Mac"), Captain John McKean (note the "Mc," with subsequent capital "K"—these subtle spelling differences should always be carefully noted), Mr. Brasier-Creagh, Miss Warell, and Mr. Stark

August Engagements

Mr. Christian Dufaure and Miss June O'Malley-Keyes, who have just got engaged, were photographed on the plage at Biarritz. They are planning to be married in Paris in September

THE theatrical world seems rather quiet, yet there are Cochran-ian murmurings in the distance, which should become quite loud towards the middle of September, and develop into a positive bang at the end of it, when *Streamline* opens in London, at the Palace. It is to be "C. B. C.'s" twenty-first and his biggest revue. After that he is taking Yvonne Printemps, and Pierre Fresnay off to New York to continue *Conversation Piece*, then returns to fetch "the Bergner," also to act in New York. She then comes back to act in the new Barrie play.

THE Russian Ballet finished up in a whirl of enthusiasm at Covent Garden, which has had the longest season on record. Mr. Geoffrey Toye has at last been able to have a small holiday, and has been staying in the Isle of Wight. Another visitor to the island is Merle Oberon, whom we must now term Mr. Joseph Schenck's "little blackbird" since her engagement to him.

CUB-HUNTING has begun, which means that juvenile foxes and their parents are woken up at dawn and rattled out of the woods by the "young entry," while sportsmen in "rat-catcher" yawn by the covert-side, and old Pluto, or whatever the horse's name may be, is equally fed up, having only just come up from grass about a week before. The Percy, now kennelled at Alnwick, have had their first meet; the Duchess of Northumberland is joint-Master with her son, the Duke. Sir Archibald White, Master of the West Percy, has already led his team into the field, too; he was formerly Captain of the Yorkshire cricket side.—MR. PEEPS

Lady Ainsworth and the Eastleigh team, who beat Ladyswood in the first round of the Philippi Cup tournament at the West Somerset Polo Club, Dunster. Eastleigh are: Captain H. S. Notley, Mr. R. E. J. Daubeny, Mr. J. P. Archer-Shee, and Major Philip Magor (back)

Left: Lord and Lady Westmorland, their younger son, the Hon. Julian Fane, and Miss Anne Capell, at the Beaufort Hunt Farmers' Club Show. Julian Fane, who is seven, rode his pony, Gay Boy, in one of the Children's classes

A Young Horseman and His Parents

AT the Shrewsbury Flower Fête the judges said that the decorated fruit tables, of twenty dishes, were the best they had seen since the war—Great, not Boer, we presume. Lord Rosebery won the first prize, Lady Kathleen Curzon-Herrick was second, and Lord Swaythling third. The peerage was also well to the fore in the grape exhibits, with Lord Belper placed one, and Lord Harlech two, but the trade came into its own in the cut roses class, with Wheatcroft Bros. trotting home easy winners.

SIR HENRY WOOD is wielding his customary bold baton at the "Proms." The audiences show a degree of enthusiasm which is most laudable: a soloist has only to choose a work which ends on a fortissimo note and he is sure of instantaneous success. But let not the highbrow musicals sneer; Sir Henry Wood and his orchestra annually accomplish a magnificent feat in giving us all the old war-horses in the symphonia and concerto world, as well as everything new which is worth a performance.

The Passing Picture Show

"Not So Hot"

By Sydney Tremayne

Loretta Young as Letty, who had the world against her, gave it toughness for toughness, and then was saved from her badness through the love of a (comparatively) Good Man (Cary Grant). The picture was at the Leicester Square Theatre last week

"Born To Be Bad"

"Kiss and Make-Up"

Cary Grant as the beauty doctor, Genevieve Tobin (left) as his wife and best patient, and Helen Mack as his adoring secretary, in an amusing comedy shown at the Plaza

"Kiss and Make-Up"

"Not so hot" is not a weather forecast, but refers, in pure American, to the quality of what the cinema trade papers call "screenings." *Kiss and Make-Up*, at the Plaza, is not as good as its title, which has a punning implication, since the story is concerned largely with beauty culture. Better use and more fun might have been made of the theme. Edward Everett Horton, who is one of the most enjoyable people on the screen, is the far from complacent husband of a woman who wants to be beautiful, played by Genevieve Tobin, and Cary Grant is the beauty specialist in whose hands—and arms—she places herself. The attendants in the beauty parlour are the "Wampas Baby Stars of 1934." In case Wampas puzzles you, it stands for Western Association of Motion Picture Advertisers, and I am told that ladies of such stellar importance as Clara Bow, Janet Gaynor, Joan Crawford and Loretta Young have been promoted from the ranks of Wampas Baby Stars of earlier vintage, so it may add to the girl interest to try to pick a winner from the present platoon.

Paramount have had faith in Genevieve Tobin, and she does improve in appearance and technique in every picture, though I think she still lacks what I suppose may be called glamour. There is something about her figure and her face which is insignificant. Cary Grant seems rather oddly cast as a beauty doctor, but he always plays up well to the feminine lead.

So many comedians are dependent on some deformity (real or adopted) or eccentricity of appearance—eye-brows, a nose, flapping feet or hirsute adornment—that it is a relief to see someone like Horton, who is sufficiently personable to be a dramatic actor, if not a "hero," extract humour by naturalistic methods from lines and situations which would either fall flat or call for buffoonery in any other hands.

"Born To Be Bad"

Loretta Young is "starred" in *Born to Be Bad*. She is so pretty and such a charming actress that one wishes it was a better picture in which her name appears for the first time above the title of the play. It is such a terribly sordid story. Letty has had a baby when she was fifteen. In her endeavours to support him and herself, she has become entirely unscrupulous, or shall we say amoral. The child is run over but not seriously injured, but Letty, in order to get substantial damages from the milk company whose car was involved, primes the already depraved child to pretend to be crippled. There is a law suit and the imposture is exposed. Cary Grant (again!) is the driver of the car which caused the accident and also the president of the company. He is attracted to Letty and he and his wife adopt the child. Letty tries to get him back, stages a love scene, uses blackmail—all *very* "born to be bad" . . . But there is always the last reel for the process of regeneration! The child is rescued from drowning by the man's wife, played by Marion Burns, which effects a change of heart in the unfortunate heroine. You can fill in the gaps or see the film. The child is played by Jackie Keek—a horrid little boy.

"Marriage Symphony"

Diana Wynyard is, at moments, a brilliant and nearly always a distinguished actress, and she has a distinctive, if variable, beauty. Her "team work" with Clive Brook in *Cavalcade* is one of the most memorable things in that magnificent and moving picture. They are together again in *Marriage Symphony*, but even these two accomplished actors cannot lift a wordy, undramatic film out of the abyss of dullness. The gradual dissolution of conjugal felicity, an unimportant flirtation leading to divorce and long-winded reconciliation, do not constitute filmic matter. *Marriage Symphony* might be an interesting stage-play, but lack of action would be a handicap, and on the screen, though diction is important, it does not suffice without action. This is a "talkie" that out-talks itself. And the camera-man, the dress designer and the make-up man seem to have combined to prove that Diana Wynyard's beauty is, if not an illusion, at any rate illusive.

Revivals

The idea of revivals during the summer months is spreading. It has been adopted by the Academy, where *Poil de Carotte* and *An Italian Straw Hat* are succeeded by Max Ophul's *Liebelei*, the Viennese tragedy, with the lovely Magda Schneider in the chief role, as well as *90° South*, founded on Scott's heroic and tragic exploration.

Red Waggon, Lady Eleanor Smith's gipsy story, for which Charles Bickford came from America and which had a long and successful run at the Regal, is revived at the Rialto.

One of the best general releases in August is *Happy*—very light and bright and seasonable, with Stanley Lupino, Laddie Cliff, Dorothy Hyson, Renée Gadd and Harry Tate in the cast.

A Deb and Her Mother at Home

Mrs. Richard Wainwright and Miss Virginia Barnato

Photographs by Swaebe

In the Rock-Garden

Virginia Barnato Can Climb a Rope

VIRGINIA BARNATO is the attractive débutante daughter of Mrs. Richard Wainwright, who presented her at Court, and Captain Woolf Barnato. The Wainwrights have a house in Elsworthy Road, Regent's Park, with a pleasant garden, a home gymnasium on the verandah, and a very modern cocktail-bar. Mrs. Wainwright is an American, and her daughter has learnt how to shake a worthy U.S.A. cocktail. Besides possessing this accomplishment, she is gay, sun-burnt, athletic, and a good swimmer. The three Alsatians in the bottom right-hand picture are Phantom Philomel of Borgia, Dugan of Deloraine, and Pandora of Whiteplains

All Good Debs Can Cook

The Verandah, Sun-bathing Suits and Three Alsatians

Give Your Eye

Easy-to-Look-At Film Faces from

Left: a Hollywood picture of Binnie Barnes. She's been working in "To-Day We Live," is staying out there for another film and then comes back to work in a British studio. She played in "The Private Life of Henry VIII," and in that short-lived revue "Yours Sincerely," earlier this year

Binnie Barnes

Carole Lombard

Carole Lombard is a typical Hollywood blonde beauty, a star of the second rank, who may yet climb farther up the ladder. She's a Paramount possession at present, was in "We're Not Dressing" with Bing Crosby, shown a month or two back, and is in "White Women," a Paramount film still to come. She is a bit of a dress expert, and designs most of her own clothes

Ketti Gallian, a French Sl

Ketti Gallian had the only feminine part in "The Ace," which wi time last year. Since then she's gone to Hollywood, having b play lead in "Marie Galante." Reginald Berkeley adapted Jacque and Ketti Gallian plays the part of a French girl who is kidnapped by t and thereafter gets into a lot of bother with a spy gang.

es A Holiday!

m England, France and America

Betty Davis is a young English film-actress who is appearing in the screen version of the Val Gielgud-Holt Marwell thriller, "Death at Broadcasting House." Val Gielgud is himself appearing in it—his film debut, and it is the first picture made by a new company, Phoenix Films

Walter Bird

Betty Davis

Star in Hollywood

ch with Raymond Massey as hero, was on in London this
b n chosen by Wilfred Sheehan, the Fox producer, to
ques Deval's best-seller for the screen ; it is a spy story,
d by the captain of a tramp steamer, put ashore at Panama,
. This is the first Panama Canal story there's been

Sisters - in - Law

The Lady Isobel Blunt - Mackenzie and the Viscountess Tarbat

Photographs by Bassano

Above: Lady Isobel Blunt-Mackenzie is the only daughter of Lt.-Col. Blunt-Mackenzie and the Countess of Cromartie, and sister of Viscount Tarbat. She is no stay-at-home, and has just got back from a trip to the East. She and a school friend, Miss Daphne Day, sailed in March in a cargo-boat from Liverpool to Beirut, and then crossed the desert to Damascus. Lady Isobel is twenty-three this year

Right: Viscountess Tarbat married the Countess of Cromartie's elder son last year; she is the first Lady Tarbat since the seventeenth century. She was Miss Dorothy Downing, daughter of Mr. G. B. Downing, of Louisville, Kentucky; her marriage took place in America. Lord Tarbat was in the Seaforths and has served with the Royal West African Frontier Force. The Tarbats have a daughter Julia, born earlier this year

The London—Newcastle Air Race

Our artist's impressions at Brooklands of some officials and competitors in the above non-stop race, which was won by "Tommy" Lipton, flying a Gipsy Moth. George Lowdell, who is shown below, was second

The starter, George Reynolds, mistaken for a chocolate vendor

Left: George Lowdell, pilot of Hawker Tomtit, "taxi-ing" along

Right: Max Findlay, chief instructor of Brooklands, watching the ceiling

Miss E. M. Jackaman, pilot of Gipsy Moth

The Marshal of Brooklands, E. L. Rawlins, on his trickgrid

Right: Miss C. R. Leathart, pilot of Comper Swift

Captain Duncan Davis, managing director of Brooklands, "checks up"

Bill Massey "speeding up" at Brooklands

Right: the couple of . . . In other words, the Handicappers, F. R. Rowarth and Captain W. Dancy

A Racing Reverie

A Memorial Race for Brown Jack?

By "Regular"

Left: Colonel Clifton came over to the Nottingham Meeting from Clifton Hall with his niece, Miss Bruce

Below: Mr. J. U. Gaskell, the ex-G.R. and present owner, and his wife. He had a horse running at Nottingham, but it was not placed

The Nottingham Meeting

In response to the demands of at least a million of my readers, I am now putting forth my suggestion as to the most suitable way in which to commemorate, for all time, the wonderful series of victories of Brown Jack at Ascot.

First and foremost, I should make him a permanent honorary member of the Royal Enclosure. There are very few people I should like to take this chance with, human nature, or in Brown Jack's case, horse nature, being what it is; but long, long ago Brown Jack was removed from all sad temptation, so there is no danger of a scandal of that kind.

Secondly, I would institute a thousand pound international hurdle race handicap to be named after him, and run on the Friday at the conclusion of the meeting. It is not generally known that Brown Jack's first race in this country was in a hurdle race at the now defunct Bournemouth racecourse, in which, although he ran conspicuously, he did not win.

A race such as I have described would, I feel sure, prove an enormous attraction and, moreover, give a much needed fillip to National Hunt sport. Races of any value are few and far between under N.H. rules, and such a race would prove an incentive to owners to put more good horses to jumping.

I am well aware that, with the exception of the Centre Court at Wimbledon, the Oval Test Match wicket, and the Lime-kilns, the turf at Ascot is the most jealously guarded in the world, and Sir Gordon Carter would, in all probability, sooner you jumped on his best corn; but a year is a long time, and by next year all traces should have been obliterated.

My post-bag will undoubtedly contain letters from Pukka Sahib Disgusted, Play the Game, and Mother of Eight, but these are inseparable with any innovation. I can only repeat that I can see no reason why this race should not be inaugurated and, being named after Brown Jack, would suitably commemorate the victories of the most wonderful horse of our time.

With the exception of stables situated in the provinces, the days of big retainers for jockeys are things of the past. I can well believe that this statement will not make me very popular in some quarters, but it is nevertheless my humble opinion. This year our biggest owner, the Aga Khan, tried the experiment of dispensing with the services of a stable jockey, and no one can say that it has not been brilliantly successful. The experiment was not made in any spirit of economy, but, as he could not secure the services of the jockey he wanted, he decided not to engage a substitute.

The Aga has had horses running in almost every big race, but not once has he found himself short of a good jockey. The reason for this is, of course, that there is a glut on the market of efficient jockeys, and if you are in the happy position of owning good horses you will invariably find good jockeys delighted to ride them; if you own bad horses—well, what does it matter?

We find isolated instances of horses who will only go for one jockey, like Strathcarron, who refuses to gallop for anyone else except Bobby Jones; but normally, good horses run as well for one jockey as they will for another.

I do not want it to be thought that I am out to do the jockeys out of their retaining fees; the more jockeys who have fat retaining-fees, the better I should be pleased. I have merely sized up the situation as it occurs to me. Some people are apt to jump to the conclusion that, because a journalist writes something they don't like, he must inevitably have written it with malice in his heart, oblivious of the fact that it is our job to write things as we see them. No one is infallible, and we can only remain honest to our opinion.

Two omissions have caused terrific sensations in the sporting world during the past week. Firstly, Judge Robinson omitted to place Strathcarron first at Brighton, and the Selection Committee omitted to choose Voce for the Test Match.

On the latter omission I do not intend to pass an opinion, but while to question the judge's decision is as futile as to have a row with the umpire who gives you out l.b.w., or to answer back the man who turns up a nine, I must say that I think Strathcarron's backers were decidedly unlucky. Maybe the Judge *was* right, but I think it unlikely.

After his vexatious defeat at Brighton I was delighted to see Strathcarron make amends in another terrific finish at Lewes. Bobby Jones's riding of this extraordinary horse is a masterpiece. Bobby also rode a terrific finish on Willowmead in the big two-year-old race. What a thousand pities it is that he is not a pound or two lighter; but you could not expect a man who hits a golf ball as far as he does to be particularly light.

While I can picture most of my readers prostrate on rocks in the South of France or huddled in butts in Scotland, Uncle Regular is still pursuing the daily round at Brighton, Lewes and Folkestone. My life, though, has not been devoid of excitement and surprises; the victory of Prargent in the colours of one relation and the marriage of another, have provided quite enough excitement for one week.

A Correction

In our issue of July 31st we published a picture titled "Goodbye to Brown Jack." In this photograph were, besides Steve Donoghue on Brown Jack, Mr. Durrant, the American owner, and Mrs. Archie Thomas. We regret that, owing to a photographer's error, we should have given Mrs. Thomas's name as Mrs. Durrant.

The Social Map of August

Monte Carlo is Well On The Map

Top : Lord Queensberry, Lady Bridget Poulett, and Mr. Terence Phillips have been out in Monte Carlo, which might have been marked red on all maps, lately, so many English people having been there

The High Seas are Thick with Cruising Routes

Lord and Lady Hardinge and their two children, Carolyn and Henry, photographed just before they landed at Southampton from the Canadian Pacific liner, Empress of Britain. Lady Hardinge is a Canadian, and was Miss Margaret Fleming

The Marchesa Marconi is in Italy

Above : the Marchesa Marconi and her small daughter, Elettra, have been staying at Villa Gualino, Sestri Levante. The Marchese is out there on his yacht, named after his daughter, on which the "radio-faro" experiment took place recently

Le Touquet for the Week-End

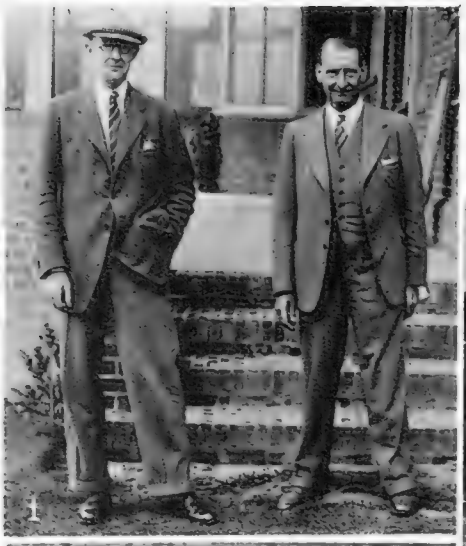
Above : Mr. S. M. Bruce, the High Commissioner for Australia, and Mrs. Bruce spent an August week-end at Le Touquet, playing golf

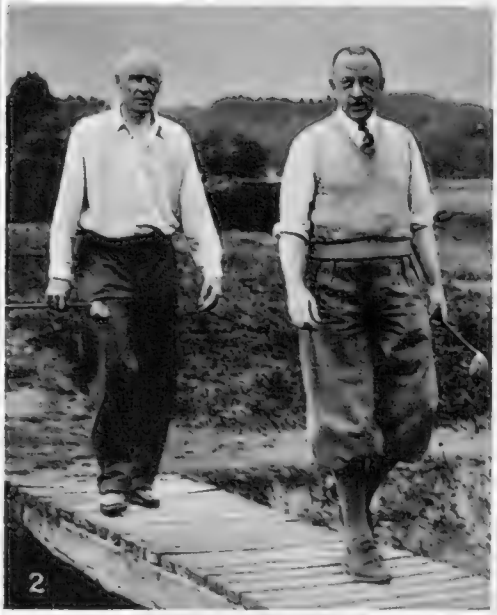
Left: At Dieppe

The Vicomte de Breteuil (left), who owns one of the best trout-streams in Normandy, has had staying with him at his place near Dieppe Lady Lathom, Mlle. Chanel, Mrs. E. H. Tattersall, and Lord Wimborne

Golf Clubs at Home

Cup Day at the Royal Ashdown Forest





(1) S. R. Cooper (Captain) and Captain A. A. Scott (Secretary). (2) A. J. Mitchel and Major L. E. Milburn (ex-Captain). (3) W. W. Bruce and T. G. Burton (Committeeman). (4) E. P. Whitley Hughes (Hon. Treasurer and ex-Captain) and C. H. Beadnell (ex-Hon. Treasurer and ex-Captain). (5) W. J. Munn (winner, with a score of 67 net) and C. E. Fraser. (6) C. L. Stubbs and C. Johnson. (7) Captain J. R. C. Cowan and F. B. Low (Committeeman). (8) J. B. Priestman and E. B. Tipping. (9) B. Franklin Adams and L. W. Anderson

West Country Tennis

The Pyt House Tournament

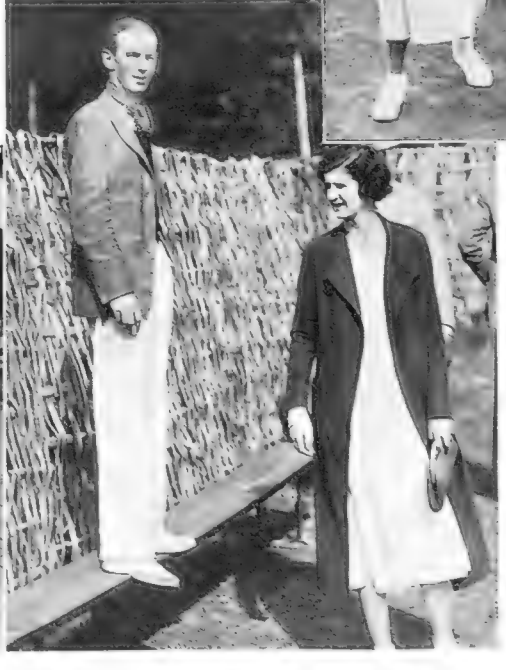
Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay and the Hon. Thomas Frankland were playing at Pyt House, Tisbury, in Wiltshire, where Colonel and Mrs. Bennett-Stanford run an annual—and very popular — tournament

Below : Mrs. Lowe, Mr. Thomas H. Hardy, Miss Ashton and Mr. R. Greville watching a match. It was cool enough all last week to make rugs over the knees comforting

Miss Mary Arbuthnot, Mr. M. D. C. Biggie and Lady Katherine Cairns, whose father and mother live near Bath, were three more of the Pyt House players and audience

Left : Miss Barbara Denison-Pender, Miss S. Read, Miss V. Dauntsey, Miss S. Halliday, and a good selection of racquets

Mrs. Gerald Wills, the Hon. Ursula Hanbury-Tracey, Lord Sudeley's sister, the Hon. Mrs. Thomas Frankland and Miss Scott Mackirdy sitting out on the steps of the pavilion



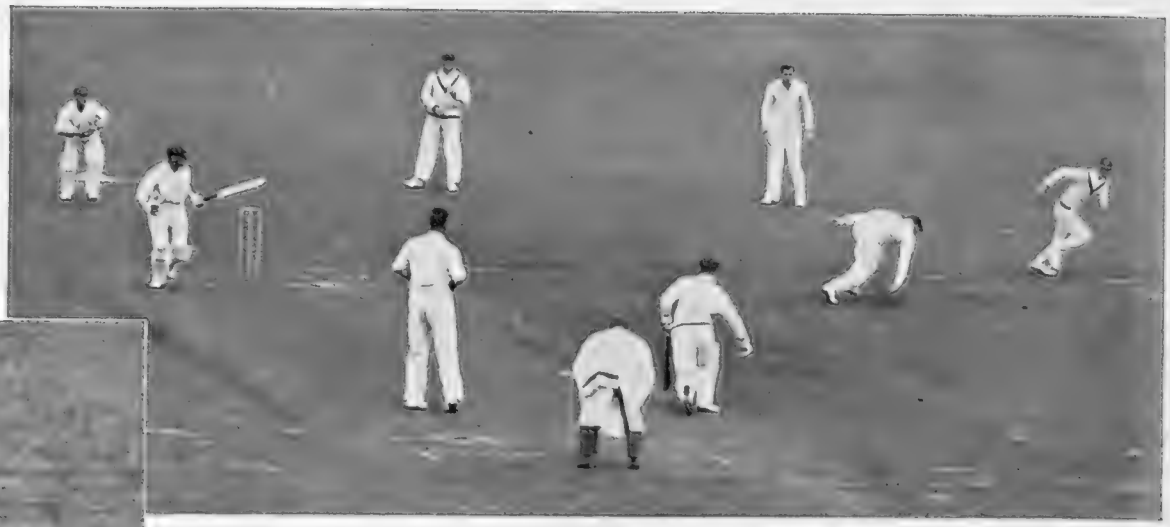
Miss Ursula Livingstone-Learmonth, whose parents, the Noel Livingstone-Learmonths, live down in Dorset, is with Mr. W. R. Ross

Miss Scott Mackirdy and Lord Sudeley look amused, whether their scores had been going well or not. Lord Sudeley is in the Blues

Mainly About Voce: By "Finger-Spin"

Right: Voce, the fast left-hander, whose methods are discussed on this page by "Finger-Spin," bowling to Woodfull at Nottingham

Below: Jim Smith, of Middlesex, the most improved fast bowler of the year, who can always be relied on to do some slogging. He is seen here making 45 against Surrey when last man in



THESE notes are being written but a few hours before the Selection Committee is to announce to an expectant world the names of those to play in the last Test match at the Oval. During the whole of the last week groups of men can have been seen writing down lists of names on bits of paper, or sometimes on table-cloths. Normally, one would take these gatherings to denote some business deals in progress, but the animation and excitement of the actors proclaim something much more important than the exchange of mere money. They have been explaining the one to the other exactly what would be the best combination for this Test match, in the grip of which we will be when these words are in print.

WHETHER Voce plays or not, and it is manifestly absurd to make any prophecy about the side in the circumstances, a position has arisen which demands some explanation. He took eight wickets for 66 runs in Australia's first innings at Trent Bridge on August 11th, and in so doing seems to have been very unpleasant to the Australians with his field set on the leg side. For some reason there was an immediate uproar, with wild and unconsidered remarks made about "leg-theory." Voce on this occasion bowled exactly as he does in county matches, and exactly as he has done before when playing against the Australians. No one likes playing against his bowling, because you are always liable to get a rap on the head, but as to its regularity there is no possible doubt whatever.

Voce is a queer bowler, who has never quite come into his own. He started originally as an ordinary slow left-handed bowler round the wicket. Then he was persuaded to develop some pace, and was then not quite sure whether to continue bowling round the wicket or to go over the wicket. He has, in consequence, fallen between two stools, which is a thousand pities, because Voce has in him the potentialities of being a really great bowler; not so good as F. R. Foster, perhaps, but not far behind him. He discarded a definite attack round the wicket no doubt because he found that he could not make the ball come back sharply enough, but I have seen him straighten the ball which goes with his arm quite enough, even when bowling round the wicket, to be very awkward. Actually, his fast ball which goes away with his arm to the leg-side is nothing like so awkward as Foster's was, because it makes a regular curve, which can be followed throughout its flight, without the last minute twitch which there was in Foster's bowling.

I FEEL sure that Voce could have overcome all this had he clung to a definite plan of attack, but these occasional bursts of bowling the ball straight up and down the leg-side of the pitch from over the wicket is not the highest form of a bowler's art. He is not, therefore, technically such a good bowler as Clark of Northamptonshire, who bowls as nature intended a fast left-handed bowler should do, but he has a better physique than Clark, and is more likely to keep it up when wickets are not falling according to order.

I have written rather at length about Voce, because I feel that his methods and the development of his bowling have been imperfectly understood. I know that in 1930 the Australians were not at all anxious to have him up against them in the Test matches. When they played against Nottinghamshire at Trent Bridge they were given particular instructions to deal as severely with Voce as was possible, and they carried out their instructions, Kippax and Victor Richardson swinging their bats at him and carting him away over the heads of his policemen on the leg-side, and generally making his chances of playing in any of the last three Test matches very remote. Kippax in those days could play fast or bumpy bowling as well as anybody, and it was not until he got a terrible bang on the head from Gilbert, the aborigine Queensland bowler, which kept him out of cricket for some time, that he showed any distaste for the fastest bowling. And small wonder if he is not looking for another crack on the head! When he was such a prolific run-maker, Kippax probably had more strokes to more different types of bowlers, from the fast to the slow, than any other batsman then playing, but he was always a deflector rather than a striker of the ball. He was one of the few Australians swells who quickly adapted himself, on his first visit to this country, to grass wickets.

POOR Archie Jackson, whose death was, in truth, a loss to the whole world of cricket, had modelled himself with the most pious faith upon Kippax. The resemblance of the younger man to his master was almost ludicrous; so many personal touches, such as the pinned-down shirt sleeves, had he absorbed. But Jackson tried to develop his batting just a little beyond the bounds of Kippax by striving for sterner attacking strokes, more especially in front of the wicket. When he was here he was in poor health, he had some dispiriting matches, and so we were never privileged to see the real Jackson. Another of whom immense things were said in Australia, but who was not up to his reputation when he was over here, was J. M. Taylor.

WHETHER any of the younger members of this Australian side will reach quite such a high standard is doubtful. McCabe had already established a great reputation both here in 1930 and again during Jardine's tour in Australia, but somehow I cannot see in the cricket of Darling, Bromley or Chipperfield the beginning of a really outstanding career. Brown, perhaps, is the most likely to challenge the position of the great men of former days.

Worcester Week-End

The Lygon Sisters Entertain at Madresfield Court

The house-party lines up on the bridge across the stream that runs round Madresfield Court : they are Mr. Ernest Thesiger, with a monkey on his shoulder, Mme. de Janzé, Mr. Brett Young, Mrs. Quintin Gilbey, Mr. Quintin Gilbey, Lady Mary Lygon, Mr. William Armstrong, director of the Liverpool Repertory Company, and Mrs. Shevlin Smith

Below : Lady Mary Lygon and Mrs. Quintin Gilbey feeding the swans and their two cygnets

Right : Viscount Elmley, M.P., Earl Beauchamp's eldest son, and Mrs. Shevlin Smith, an attractive American who was staying in the Madresfield Court party

Above : Mr. Ernest Thesiger entertaining and being entertained by one of the week-end guests — Mme. de Janzé's pet monkey

Right : Lady Mary Lygon and Lady Sibell Lygon with L'Aiglon, Lady Sibell's horse, which has won several good races for her. He knows where to look for sugar

Photos by Swaebe

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Some Odds and Ends

By A. G. Macdonell

MR. WILFRID EWART was the distinguished author of a very distinguished book, *Way of Revelation*, which won instant and lasting praise. In 1923 he went on a visit to Mexico and one evening, hearing a noise of revelry in the streets, went out on to his hotel balcony to see what was happening. A stray bullet, fired into the air by a drunken reveller, killed him, and the world lost a good man in almost as stupid a way as possible. Now Mr. Ewart's war-diary and some of his slighter essays have been collected and published under the title of *Scots Guard* (Rich and Cowan; 9*s*.). It is very doubtful whether a service has been done to the author's reputation. The war-diary is well written—it was bound to be—but the world has gone far past the photographic sort of war-book. Everyone knows nowadays what a dead body looked like, or how the wire was not cut at Neuve Chapelle, or the appearance of the leave-train, or of the boulevards in Paris. All that has been described scores of times. And we have so much photographic knowledge of the war that one is apt unconsciously to censure Mr. Ewart for not having chronicled something that he could not, perhaps, have known at the time and that the world knows now. His vision of the war as revealed in this Diary is quite the narrowest I have yet come across. And yet, how could it be otherwise? It was only a day-to-day record. It is a pity that he should have sneered at New Army discipline. That coin has two sides, and the New Army has a good deal to say about the discipline of the old Army. And I have another grievance against the editor. I cannot see the justification for calling a book *Scots Guard*, for getting a foreword from a distinguished major-general, and then pitching in chapters at the end about Wessex, and Hardy, and Dorchester, and Mexico. It gives the reader a jolt to find that an avowed war-book comes to the end of the war suddenly on about page 200, and that the rest is spatchcocked in about anything or nothing. No, I cannot feel that Mr. Ewart's reputation is kindly treated by the publication of *Scots Guard*. I wonder if he would have agreed to the publication of it himself?

THE Oxford University Press have laid the English-speaking world under a deep obligation by publishing the immortal works of Master Rabelais in a cheap, portable edition, well-bound and well-printed. They have done it in their World's Classics Series, in three volumes at 2*s*. each. Sir Thomas Urquhart's translation is one of the great translations of all time, with Florio's Montaigne and North's Plutarch perhaps the three greatest of all. Rabelais has been far too long neglected in England, and the adjective, "rabelaisian," has been allowed to degenerate into an adjective of reproach for lewdness. Actually, of course, Rabelais was a scholar and a wit, a doctor, a traveller, a philosopher, and a humanitarian. He was often coarse. Nobody could deny that. But the middle of the sixteenth century was an age of coarseness, just as it was also an age of beauty. The truth of the matter is that it was an age of abounding and irrepressible vitality, and that is the whole secret of Rabelais. He was a true child of the Renaissance, and in this country he has been miserably misunderstood. Another example: an adjective in our language is "gargantuan," and it means the worst sort of glutton for food and drink. Actually, Gargantua was a humane and peace-loving King in the book.

I hope that these neat little volumes will have a very large sale. They are the best florin's worth I have seen for a long time.

H. and J. Coster

Beatrice Tunstall

Whose story "The Long Day Closes," has lately been published by Heinemann. Her thorough knowledge of her county's history is of great use to her when writing of Cheshire in past days, which is her favourite subject

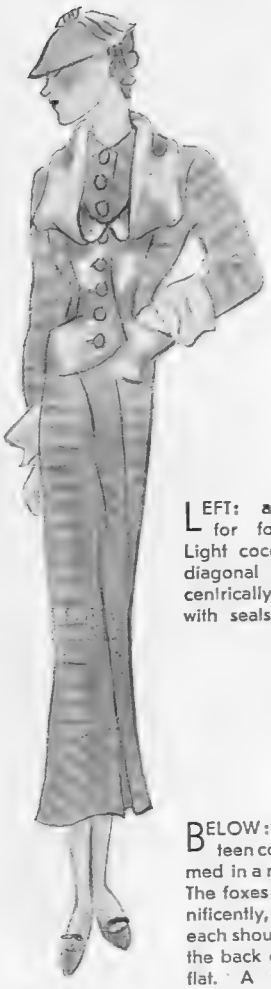
I CONFESS that I am not, as a rule, much interested in detective novels, but I have a reason for this. The ingenious type—that is to say, the sort which gives the reader every chance to solve the mystery—must almost always rule out character-drawing and give us a neat row of puppets, all dancing to time-tables and stop-watches. For if a character is well and truly drawn, it must almost inevitably give the reader a chance to determine whether it is a murderous character or not, and thus it spoils the problem. But I thoroughly enjoyed Mr. Anthony Weymouth's *Frozen Death* (Barker; 7*s*. 6*d*.), for he has most admirably managed to create some real characters without spoiling the problem. Inspector Treadgold, for a start, is a capital detective, and his mannerisms are real ones, not stupid artificial ones. There is a certain class of novelist which thinks it has created a new and original character if it makes their detective rub his left ear whenever he opens his mouth. *Frozen Death* maintains the interest all the way through, from the moment of the discovery of the body of Lord Prentice in the snow outside his mansion, to the final dénouément. Mr. Weymouth has got a touch of the Wills-Croft technique in the persistence with which he makes his detective follow a clue to the bitter end. Both these two excellent writers have grasped the fundamental truth that the human heart is thrilled by a stern chase, especially if a life is at stake at the end of it.

THERE is an extraordinary tendency among the cheaper class of American novel in these days to concentrate almost exclusively upon the consumption of alcohol. I always thought that the repeal of Prohibition had made practically no difference to the drinking habits of that great nation. Otherwise, this emphasis on the joys of booze might have been ascribed to the repeal. Lady Mary Cameron's new novel, *Mr. Dayton Darling!* (Werner Laurie; 7*s*. 6*d*.) is one long, stupendous binge. The late Mr. Thorne Smith's exuberances pale into insignificance beside it. Naturally, Mr. Dayton's adventures cannot be placed in the highbrow rank, but nevertheless they whizz along at such a rate, and with such a flood of brisk and snappy dialogue, that the reader's disgust at the orgies is somehow blunted by his desire to turn over the next page and see what wild nonsense is going to be perpetuated. And he will not be disappointed, for the wild nonsense never flags for a moment. Not in any sense of the word a pleasant book, though most distinctly an amusing one. But give me Master Rabelais every time.

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Assembled by Jean Burnup

Some original designs for an early Autumn wardrobe . . .



LEFT: a dressy suit for formal wear. Light cocoa woollen, diagonal weave, eccentrically trimmed with sealskin.

RIGHT: an overblouse, tight at the waist and hips, with a fluty collar that begins at each shoulder, leaving the back flat.

BELOW: a luxurious evening coat to the ground in uncrushable velvet, deep coral with beige fox squared on to the coat sleeves, to wear over the same coloured evening dress in heavy satin. The dress has a pagoda hem and a jabot corsage running up into twisted shoulder-straps and crossing at the waist-line to become a sash, tying at the back.

BELOW: black duveteen coat, fox-trimmed in a new manner. The foxes hang magnificently, straight over each shoulder, leaving the back of the neck flat. A velvet bow ties in front.

LEFT: black heavy crêpe afternoon dress, with slimming hip-line and subdued flouncing at neck and hem.

John Everard

Two New Coiffures

DON'T go hatless in a strong wind if you have your hair set like the girl above, because it's a coiffure worth preserving whole as long as you can.

It is lovely whichever way she turns her head.

The idea is to enhance height and grace and flatter the hair-line at the back of the neck. So the hair is brushed upward and piled in a bunch of curls on the crown. One lovely, long, loose curl runs from the top of the head down the centre and falls lightly on the forehead. Created by Monsieur Barranger, of Maison Georges, Buckingham Palace Road.

AT the left and right you see two views of an especially attractive hairdressing. The hair is brushed up tightly without a wave, all round the head and flattened down on either side of the left-hand parting. Then the ends are swirled into loose, large curls and half-curls. The full-face effect is pointed, faun-like, charming on the right person; not everyone's set, by a long way, but in the saloons of Emile of Conduit Street, where it was created, they will devise practical or decorative coiffures to suit your face and personality, and then stamp them with the impress of their own exquisite craftsmanship.

August Nights

When I was younger, I longed, nose flat to the shop-window, for an elegant black dinner gown. I thought, if only I were old enough to wear that, if only I were twenty-four, which seemed, at that time, the age when you could begin to look sophisticated.

To-day there is a different feeling about clothes. Young women from eighteen to thirty—and even younger and even older—wear the same sort of clothes, serious or flippant, sophisticated or ingenuous, and depend on their own personality to give its own life and individuality to them.

There are still rules to follow about mutton never dressing up as lamb, and queenly women leaving baby-face dresses to baby faces, and other things like that. But surely there is no need to mention such things now, women know better.

The clothes on this page are elegantly sophisticated, yet would look as right on a girl just leaving the 'teens.

The afternoon frock on the left, in heavy black crêpe, has such a good shape and air that it doesn't matter at all if you are the only woman in the restaurant who hasn't had the time or inclination to dress for dinner.

The neck-line is new and good, gathering slightly at the throat, and drawn tightly across the shoulders to droop a little at the back into a small V, with more gathering around that. There is a little pleated fullness at the front and back of the hem; everywhere else it clings to the figure. The inconsequent cuffs are white taffeta (Worth of Regent Street).

The evening coat in the middle is my favourite this year, so far. The colour is night blue, the material uncrushable velvet, and the line gorgeous. The top is divided, draped, twisted, and drawn across the shoulders to tie casually at the back. A Koupy model, from Harrods.

The dinner frock in black novelty marocain, also from Harrods, is figure-tight, with a clever flowing cut and trailing sleeves.

The draped yoke looks like golden chain-mail, but it is light and supple. It fastens back of the neck, and below it the back of the dress opens into a lowish V.

J. B.

The Worsley Team

Worsley have won, for the third successive year, the cup offered by Salford Royal Hospital. The team members are: Miss Lane, Mrs. Edmeston, Miss Caldwell, and Miss Chadwick

Women's Golf

Should Youth Golf?

By Eleanor E. Helme

Below: Jessie Anderson, holder of the Girls' Championship; she is 19 and so too old to defend it this year. She was runner-up in the Scottish Championship, and is a British team reserve

Miss Jessie Anderson

DEAR BYSTANDER,

MRS. PERCY GARON really has a wonderful knack for doing what she ought in the way of winning championships which it is her obvious duty to win. Our own Open and Close may evade her, I fancy more from lack of physical stamina than anything else, but put her into a Continental championship that she certainly ought to win (which is just the time when so many people go to bits) and she will do what she ought to nine times out of ten. So here she is Belgian Champion, having beaten the Close champion of that country, Mlle. D. de Thomas, by 14 and 13 no less, in the thirty-six hole final, and for all I dare predict, by the time these words are printed she may also be German champion again. It is sometimes forgotten that Mrs. Garon was one of the features of an early Girls' Championship, when she was Miss Marjorie Parkinson. People were somewhat intrigued by her check stockings and other details of dress, a recollection very difficult to reconcile with the impression Mrs. Garon invariably gives, nowadays, of one of the neatest and best-dressed golfers to be seen on any course. She was runner-up at Stoke Poges, and so, presumably, laid some of the foundations of her game there.

THAT brings us to the subject of the Girls' Championship this year, for which entries are coming in steadily. It is an extremely open event, with Miss Pam Barton out in America on behalf of Great Britain, Miss Beryl Pockett too old by twenty-four hours, the holder, Miss Jessie Anderson, Miss Aline de Gunzbourg, Miss Enid Pears, Miss Mervyn Barton, and a number of other good ones too old by some months. One of the most interesting entries to date is Miss Betty Frost, who has made a considerable name for herself out in South Africa amongst the grown-up golfers, and ought to stand a goodly chance at Stoke. The cup has already crossed the Channel; we have had threats that the Atlantic would be its next voyage, and there has even been a chance of Australia for it, but South Africa is a new menace. I don't altogether like the word menace, which sounds sinister. Actually, I think it would be delightful if Miss Frost did take that Cup away with her, not only because it would give her and South African golf pleasant encouragement, but also because it would be very wholesome for the girls of this old home-country to be shown that they cannot have things all their own way.

I BELIEVE, by the way, that a couple of weeks ago I spoke of discussing the point: Is golf a game for the young? I had a long talk one day this summer with a man who should know rather more than most about young people, and he did his best to persuade me that advanced middle-age was the only right and proper time for anyone, man or woman, to take up the game. His contentions were that golf was inactive, it was selfish, and most of all, so little of the time spent over the game was occupied with the actual hitting of the ball. On this last point he gave me statistics of how many minutes out of, say, two and a half hours of the round went in the actual swing of the club itself; I think it was less than ten, by his computation.

Now that is all very well. But after all, strenuous exercise, crammed into half an hour, has not to my mind any great moral advantage, whatever it may have physically, over that of the steadier sort spread over two hours; and it was from the highest moral standpoint that my friend argued the question whether golf had the effect of turning young Britons into good or bad members of the community. Nor can I see that the small amount of time occupied by the hitting of the ball is anything against golf; it is the quality of the shot that seems to me to matter, not its frequency. One might as well argue that a quart of beer is better than a glass of champagne, or the incessant twittering of the sparrow preferable to the rare notes of the nightingale. Quantity has so little to do with quality.

When we come to the charge of selfishness, we probe the real heart of the matter, and there again I differ. Nobody abhors selfishness more than I do, and I admire with all my heart the team spirit, whether manifested in a game or in life. But if we are really going to be so heavy and moral about it all, mustn't we admit that, though selfishness is wrong, self-reliance is right?

Nobody can go through all the toils and troubles of life with a team to back them up; there are moments when nothing but individual courage, the pluck to fight a lone battle and back one's own belief, are of the slightest use. That is what golf can teach, if any game can, just as it teaches iron control of mind and nerves as well as body. I refuse to think that individual courage and self-control are selfish qualities, which the young should be discouraged from acquiring. And yet it is so. The British Broadcasting Corporation do not consider golf a suitable subject for the Children's Hour, although almost every other game figures therein from time to time; there are still schools where hands are held up in holy horror at the mere suggestion of golf for pupils, though I still do not know why golf is more selfish than the development of any other individual talent.

Frankly, I should like our youngsters to have a chance of trying their hand at every game, individual or team, that is known to this land, from billiards to polo, from backgammon to cricket, including, of course, golf, hockey, lacrosse and football, only leaving out polo and football for the girls, and then giving them their free choice of what they will concentrate on.

Games will not, or should not, appear so terribly important when the player thereof has reached middle-age; from ten till thirty is the desperate, earnest time. And that is when, I believe, competition golf should be played, leaving the elders and youngers to their nice friendly games in which nothing matters so long as they enjoy themselves.

Oh, dear, aren't we serious this week. It shan't happen again.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

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Travel the Air Way to See Europe

By Charles Ward

Left: Speed: Mlle. Helene Boucher, the young Frenchwoman, who created a new world's speed record by flying 1000 kilometres at 409 kilometres an hour

The Air Cop: Scotland Yard has bought an Autogiro to be used for studying road congestion from above, and Mr. S. J. Chamberlain is to be the flying policeman. Instructions by wireless will direct those in charge on the ground

The Magyar Pilota Pic-Nic

THIS amusing title refers to the most original and romantic air expedition yet planned in Europe. The A.A., in collaboration with its partner in these matters, the Royal Aero Club, has accepted the invitation of the Magyar Touring Club to organise an air picnic to Hungary. The word "picnic" is a particularly happy one for a visit to Hungary, a country which has remained unspoilt amongst the upheavals of post-war Europe, and, incidentally, picnic also denotes that evening dress will not be required for the festivities. Owners and pilots intending to take part should get in touch with the A.A. immediately. The rendezvous is Matyasfold Airport by noon on September 15th, the tour proper starting on the following day and continuing until the 22nd. Visitors are promised bathing, shooting, fishing, a glimpse of the Hungarian wild and woolly west, grape harvesting, picturesque peasants, and a night in Budapest. Special terms have been obtained by the Magyar Touring Club. There will be no landing or housing charges, and it is estimated that visitors' expenses should not exceed £5 a head, though an additional £4 per light aeroplane must be allowed for petrol and oil on the complete journey.

Atlantic Crossing

So the "Dragon" does it again! Messrs. Reid and Ayling duly cleared Customs inwards from Canada at 6 p.m. on Thursday, August 9th, after a non-stop flight of 30 hours 50 minutes across the Atlantic. Their "Dragon" was the same machine as used by the Mollisons on their flight from East to West last year, but rechristened "Trail of the Caribou." It had been intended to make an attempt on the long-distance record at present held by the Frenchmen, Codos and Rossi, which still stands at 5654 miles from New York to Syria, but freezing in the carburettors reduced the petrol supply and made it impossible to achieve this object. The "Dragon" is really a remarkable aeroplane, taking off easily with a load of 600 gallons of petrol, sufficient with average winds and good luck for a voyage of 6000 miles. Its popularity on British air routes is due to low first cost, a good performance, and cheap maintenance, the latter being achieved partly through the excellent after-sales service maintained by de Havillands.

Airway Traffic

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS report an increase in live stock carried by air. This refers, of course, to "paying passengers," duly entered on the manifest and not to stowaways or "'plane-jumpers," of which aircraft are remarkably free! As a means of transport for live stock, the air way is ideal. The Company arranges meals en route, but whether this applies to lions, bears, and alligators, all of which have been flown across the Channel at one time or another, the book of words does not say. If you need any live locusts, foreign bees, parrots, or any rare specimens for your Zoo, write to Imperial Airways' Freight Department, marking your letter "Live Stock by Air."

A Club Member Lands at Croydon

CROYDON being the international airport for London, owned by the Government, controlled by the Treasury, the Home Office, and the Air Ministry in that order, it is only natural that a certain amount of red tape should be in evidence. The following story from Cardiff, quoted in *Wessex Airways*, is interesting. "The red tape at Croydon was absolutely marvellous; in fact, 100 per cent. perfect. The charge for landing was 7*s.*; housing fee, folded, 4*s.*; unfolded, 8*s.* The 'Leopard' folds, but as it was the only machine in the hangar, the owner thought it unnecessary to go to the trouble of folding—result, 8*s.* housing fee. No drinks in the aerodrome hotel after 10 p.m. unless with a meal, but six half-pints of beer and four coffees were wanted. Restriction No. 1—no coffee served in the bar lounge, so those for coffee went to another room. With each half-pint of beer we ordered one sausage, but there was nothing doing. 'Sorry, sir, but you must sit at the table complete with knife and fork and a minimum of two sausages.' When we departed, seventy-two sausages, three dozen pork pies, six clean knives and forks were left on the table. Still, it's something to be allowed to have a drink after 10 o'clock. We lunched at Croydon next day, but no trace of our sausages or pies, so we had to pay for lunch."

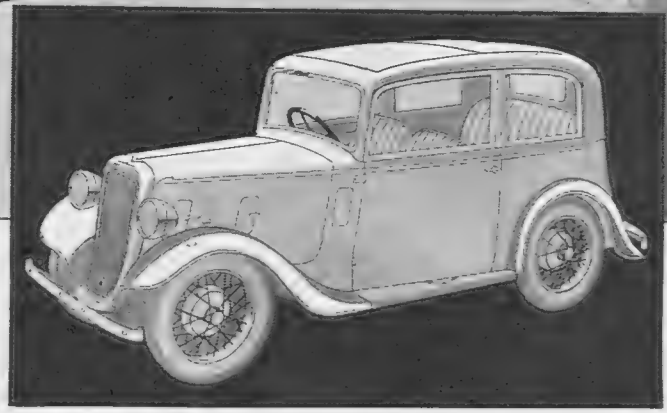
To the Sunny Cote d'Azur

FROM September 1st, the Air France route to Cannes will be changed to permit three-engined liners making the whole journey. The "Golden Clipper," used for the Paris service, will operate to Marseilles, the section on to Cannes being flown with three-engined Fokkers. The Paris-Marseilles services feed so many other lines that it is advisable to book well in advance.

Flight without power: Mr. G. E. Collins, a member of the London Gliding Club, who has established a British long-distance record of 95 miles in soaring flight

BRITAIN'S DEPENDABLE CAR

The Sixteen York Saloon



The New Seven Ruby Saloon

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They're here, the new Austins, improved beyond measure in appearance and style—with modern lines, smartness that is really sensible . . . a new beauty that arouses a definite pride of ownership.

Among the chief improvements are an entirely new frontal design including a longer bonnet and new-shaped radiator, and rear panelling which encloses the spare wheel or lowers to form a luggage platform—all in the true dignified Austin tradition. The appearance of the Seven Saloon has been completely transformed by extensive improvements. With a low frame, long bonnet, enclosed spare wheel, disappearing luggage carrier, bumpers and special ventilators, the Seven is a still more attractive car. Yet although these radical improvements have been made in the Seven, substantial manufacturing economies have been effected, the benefits of which are passed on to the public—the Fixed Head Saloon selling at the remarkably low price of £112.

All models now have Synchromesh on top, third **and second** gears, and direction indicators which return automatically. These new features are displayed at the leading Austin distributors and dealers. Call round and examine the improved Austins.

AUSTIN PRICES *(Effective August 14th)*

The SEVEN *(7.8 h.p., 4-cyl.)*

Ruby Saloon	£120
Ruby Fixed Head Saloon	£112
Pearl Cabriolet	£128
Open Road Tourer ...	£108
Opal Two-seater	£100

The TEN-FOUR *(9.9 h.p., 4-cyl.)*

Lichfield Saloon ...	£172-10s.
Lichfield Fixed Head Saloon	£158
Colwyn Cabriolet ...	£178
Open Road Tourer ...	£152
Clifton Two-Seater ...	£152

The LIGHT TWELVE-FOUR *(11.9 h.p., 4-cyl.)*

Ascot Saloon	£218
Ascot Fixed Head Saloon	£198
Open Road Tourer	£172-10s.
Eton Two-Seater	£172-10s.

The TWELVE *(12.8 h.p., 4-cyl.)*

Westminster Saloon ...	£325
Carlton Saloon	£305
Iver, with division ...	£315
Berkeley Saloon	£295
Berkeley Fixed Head Saloon	£275

The TWELVE-SIX *(with 13.9 or 15.9 h.p., 6-cyl. engine)*

Ascot Saloon	£235
Ascot Fixed Head Saloon	£215
Open Road Tourer ...	£200
Eton Two-Seater ...	£200

The SIXTEEN *(with 15.9 or 17.9 h.p., 6-cyl. engine)*

York Saloon (long wheel-base)	£328
Chalfont Saloon, with division	£338
Hertford Saloon ...	£318

The TWENTY *(23.5 h.p., 6-cyl.)*

Ranelagh Limousine ...	£595
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Mayfair Limousine ...	£650
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Seven Nippy Two-Seater	£142
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The New 20-h.p. Vauxhall

By The Earl of Cardigan

The new "Big Six" Vauxhall is designed on modern and imposing lines. The radiator, while following traditional Vauxhall characteristics, is modified by a distinct backward slope, and is slightly bow-fronted

THERE is a great and, I fancy, a growing demand nowadays for the car which can combine the virtue of substantial power with that of reasonable price. Such a rôle is one that the new "Big Six" Vauxhall seems admirably equipped to fill. Like all recent Vauxhalls, its performance is that of "a good all-rounder," with, of course, the additional liveliness and verve which one may look for when a modern engine of 20 h.p. is fitted to a light and compact chassis.

From the first moment when one is enabled to step firmly on the accelerator, the new engine's efficiency is indisputable. There is a very rapid, and at the same time very smooth, flow of acceleration. Vibration is conspicuous by its absence, and one can use the whole range of speed, from zero up to 70 m.p.h., without feeling that the power unit is being over-stressed. A marked degree of silence has been achieved, together with a flexibility of running which renders gear-changing a comparatively rare necessity.

In any event, gear-changing troubles are virtually non-existent. Synchro-mesh gear-boxes vary (I know of inferior varieties fitted sometimes even to expensive cars), but the third and top ratios of this Vauxhall are definitely and quite literally crash-proof. Since the Vauxhall people were synchro-mesh pioneers, this is very much as it should be. Third gear provides a maximum speed of 50 m.p.h., and seems capable of tackling any ordinary gradient with the greatest ease.

The 20-h.p. engine is a highly efficient and smooth-running unit. The tool kit is very conveniently placed. Note the radiator filler cap inside the bonnet

The back seat is very comfortable, and provides ample head-room. The roof lights are cleverly arranged to switch on when either of the doors is opened

The rear luggage-container is a very useful asset. It will hold a few small articles when closed, and can take quite a big load of suit-cases when fully opened

THE saloon coachwork is thoroughly comfortable, and provides ample space for four, or even five, full-sized passengers. The special "no-draught" type of window is fitted, and this is undoubtedly a genuinely useful feature, living up to its name in ensuring draught-proof ventilation. The windscreen does not open, which, to my mind, is a defect—although it must be admitted that the modern screen-wiper is an adequate contrivance on perhaps 360 days out of the 365.

The springing is particularly good; for the car rides very comfortably over pot-holes at low speeds, and is also absolutely steady when travelling fast. The steering is very light and pleasant, and the unusually good steering lock makes the car notably "handy" to manœuvre in a narrow space.

The driving position is well arranged. There are two cubby-holes and two ash-containers flanking the instrument panel. The interior sun-vizor is of a simple, but exceedingly efficient type

ALL Vauxhall cars are well braked, and this new "Big Six" is no exception to the rule. There is plenty of braking power, which, owing to the smoothness of operation, can be safely and confidently used. Among good minor chassis features, the self-starter should be noted, working in conjunction with the accelerator pedal. Another convenience is the provision of special accessible jacking-points, both fore and aft.

Not least of the car's attractions is the one I have left until last. The price is remarkably moderate, being only £325 for the well-equipped saloon model.

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Warwick Wright

MANAGING DIRECTOR

The Thames regatta season is now on and the picture above shows an attempt to introduce humour into the proceedings. The crews are seen paddling punts with frying-pans at Marlow to get first past the post

A couple of young lawn-tennis players who may be better known later: Miss D. Rowe (Eversley) and Miss M. C. Smith (Uplands), winner and runner-up in the Schoolgirls' Tournament at Queen's Club

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

WELL, football will soon be with us, to kick cricket out of the headlines. Next Saturday, in fact, sees the opening of the "Soccer" season, while it will not be long before Rugby gets into its swing once again. Who's sorry? Not I, for one, for, despite all the stuff that you read and hear about cricket as the typical English game, it is football—and never mind the code—that is our outstanding national sport.

Facts and figures prove this. Take, for example, the crowd that rolled up at Highbury the other week to see the Arsenal in action in their first public trial. Eighteen thousand and more were there; and down at the Oval only about 10,000 folk came to see Sutcliffe in his slow-motion rehearsal for the timeless Test now upon us. Yes, you can't get away from the tell-tale turnstile takings.

And, by the way, what a heap of money was made by the big professional "Soccer" clubs last winter. Arsenal led the way, as usual, with something like £23,000 profit; their near rivals, Tottenham Hotspur, were not so many thousand pounds behind them; Manchester City raked in a cool £15,000—and the F.A. Cup into the bargain; and now, I see, Derby County have reported a profit of over £7,000! Pretty good going this.

BUT what of Rugby? Well, the Twickenham Internationals always bring in nice, fat sums to the Union, but, taking things all the way round, the clubs have pretty tough times of it.

Now your Rugby purist will have a "go" at me for writing thus. But, say what you will, the game is badly in need of better business heads; and by that I mean club officials who will study the public a little more than is the case generally to-day. It 's all very well to say that "Rugger" is a "jolly game" and that it 's "just a little 'strafe' between thirty good fellows"—how often have I heard that "old school tie" blarney!—but, really, there is something more to it than that.

And so I would suggest that Rugby should put its house in order this winter. First, the public should be studied: and, right away, I think of the need for punctual starts.

Very often, last season, I turned up at a match billed to begin at, say, 2.45 p.m., and then had to wait anything from fifteen minutes to half an hour before I got any sign of the players. Then, as casual as you like, two or three fellows would drift on to the field, a few more would follow after another unconscionable wait; and so, after we in the crowd were thoroughly miserable and depressed with the cold, the match would start—probably with one side a man short!

It isn't good enough. Indeed, these haphazard methods are nothing short of obtaining money under false pretences. The public, after all, keeps the game going and should be shown some consideration.

Here, I think, a leaf can be taken out of "Soccer's" book, with a fine for the club responsible for a late kick-off. "Rugger," I know, is not organised on the same lines as the other code, and there would be difficulties and much heartburning over fines on clubs playing "friendly" matches, but something pretty drastic must be done if the game is not to lose its grip.

AND now to more pleasing subjects, with the victory of Evelyn Dearman and Nancy Lyle in the German Lawn Tennis Championships as the jumping-off point. The success of our Wightman Cup pair in winning the doubles title against Mme. Adamoff and Mlle. Couquerque in Hamburg was very heartening, demonstrating as it does just how thoroughly the two English girls have blended as a team.

The Dearman-Lyle alliance has been going strong for some time. And in every tournament, it seems, the girls gain in confidence and understanding. Our lawn tennis mandarins should learn something by it, too, for it seems that often in the past we have lost international doubles matches, through a lack of team-work, due, of course, to slipshod pairings.

TAKE the Davis Cup team. Year after year the doubles has been the weak link in our armour, for in critical matches we have had to rely mainly on victories in the singles to pull us through. Well, how about starting right now to remedy the weakness? Let the L.T.A. keep on pegging away with one doubles pair, giving them as much big match experience as possible, both here and on tour. The two men in the "team" should concentrate on doubles play alone, until, at last, they are the perfect combination—thinking and playing almost as one.

That 's the way to go about the business. But what did we find in the last Davis Cup Challenge Round? Pat Hughes was to have played with Fred Perry against the Lott-Stoefen "machine"—the perfect doubles pair—when it was decided at the last minute that H. G. N. Lee should come in, for Perry to be rested for the singles. Well, that must have been pretty upsetting to Hughes, for you can't spring a new partner on a player without throwing something out of gear.

So my advice to those now scheming yet another defence of the Davis Cup is to find a likely pair, school them into each other's ways—and, for goodness sake, let them be solely concerned with doubles play.

WHILE our lawn-tennis girls were winning in Hamburg, however, not a few German women were over here sweeping everything before them in the

Left: Mr. T. N. Pearce, joint Captain of Essex County Cricket Club and Miss Stella Rippon, to whom he has lately become engaged

Bowls appears to be becoming more and more popular, and the Amateur Bowls Championship at Paddington attracted a very large entry. The picture above shows Norman Eggelson (Alford Club) signalling to one of his side that the wood is in the position his "skip" hoped it would be

N. W. D. Yardley (St. Peter's, York) and R. F. T. Paterson (Brighton), two promising cricketers who played for the Public Schools v. the Army at Lord's. Yardley scored a century

Women's World Games at the White City. Really, the number of times the German flag was hoisted to mark yet another victory was a trifle disturbing to many who had fondly thought that our women were going to do all the record-making and breaking.

One does not have to look far to find a reason for the success of the German contingent at the White City. Truth is, Germany is becoming more and more athletically-minded and, from what I have seen, the women are even more enthusiastic than the men over training.

As is typical of the nation, they have set their eyes on a definite object: it is, to make the world sit up and take notice when the Olympic Games are held in Berlin, two years hence. So there they are, going at it hammer and tongs to get together a winning team for 1936; and it seems by their triumphs at the White City the other day, that they won't be far off realising their ambition.

The Germans almost swept the board at the Women's World Games at the White City. Above is Fraulein Mauermeyer competing in the final of the discus-throwing event

HOWEVER, Britain also has an eye on the Olympiad, and as I told you a week or so ago, definite plans are afoot to give our young athletes expert coaching in field events—our one weakness when we go into international sport meetings.

Big, bluff Harry Hart, the South African policeman who won the weight-putting and discus at the Empire Games, is to go along to the Field Event Summer School at Loughborough College this month. Hart is going to put the wealth of his experience at the service of British sport in that large-hearted way so typical of the man. And I hear, too, that his South African team-mate, Viljoen, is also to help in the coaching work.

Harold Abrahams is one of those interested in this move to improve our standard of prowess in field events. Abrahams, as you must know, has been "on the air" just lately with some very excellent commentaries on the Empire and Women's Games, besides doing a spot of announcing to the crowds at the White City.

This reminds me that I heard a good story going the rounds concerning "H.M." this week. While announcing at the Empire Games he was approached by a man in the crowd, very breathless and excited. Would Mr. Abrahams, he asked, do him a favour? Our athletic friend was puzzled, but seemed sympathetic. Then, pouring out his heart, the spectator said he 'd just seen his wife for the first time in a couple of years—could an announcement be made to her through the giant loud-speakers surrounding the running track!

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

International Meetings

Above: Sir Hew Hamilton Dalrymple, Captain O'Brien, Captain Bache Hay, and Gen. Sir Hamilton Bower watching the Hon. Charles Baillie Hamilton driving off at North Berwick

Left: Colonel Moore-Brabazon, playing for the London Greyhound Association against the Press, with his opponent, C. V. McFarlane, at Moor Park

My unknown correspondent from Lossiemouth has seriously libelled Scotsmen who live north of Perth by signing himself "Northern Scot." I should like to point out to him or her that northern Scots, of whom I am one, do not hide behind nom-de-plumes and are not afraid of their own opinions. On the other hand, I am pleased to see that he or she has recovered some portion of a sense of values, for I am addressed as "Expert Golf Critic."

Before going into the matter which is exercising my mind this week I should like to congratulate S. F. Brews, of South Africa, who has added the Dutch Championship to the titles of South Africa and France. Brews has really had an extraordinarily successful season, for he has done very well in practically every competition for which he has entered. When he goes back to South Africa, those who, I understand, helped him financially to make this tour, should be very proud of him indeed. He has played great stuff and been well worthy of the endeavour. Probably the most meritorious of his performances was that which he put up in our Open Championship, when he was so narrowly beaten by the superlative golf of Henry Cotton.

One thing only about this tour remains beyond my understanding, and that is why, having given definite proof of his ability, he was played so low in the English professional team against Scotland. He obviously deserved a very high place, if not the highest of all, in view of the constitution of the side, for he is a great deal better than those who played above him.

I do not know how long Brews is to remain in this country, but imagine that his tour must be coming to an end: when he does leave, he goes with our very heartiest congratulations and the hope that we shall see him back very soon.

It may interest my readers who are contemplating a holiday in Scotland to know that the drought has not affected courses in the north nearly so much as it has those in the south, and that they may expect not to have to play on the hard-boiled fairways and greens to which they have by now become accustomed, but will be able to rejoice in courses as they should be, with really green greens and fairways well covered with good turf. This came as a great surprise to me last week-end, when I stole away to Nairn for four days and played over the course. I have seldom seen it in such good condition at this time of year. Actually, the only complaint that one might make is that the greens are rather slow. I gathered that, until a very short time ago, these greens were not in a very good condition, in which case the transformation is amazing. The open tournament is to be played at Nairn very shortly, and those who compete will find a course in really splendid condition.

Golf topics at this time of year are a little difficult to find, unless one is going to take seriously the orgy of international matches which the Unions arrange early in August. I notice that the English Golf Union, as usual, is not able to field the side as originally chosen, although, to be fair, I must add at once that I do not know for what reason Garnett and Hartley have cried off. But surely the event has reached the height of absurdity, at least as far as the English side is concerned, when the authorities have to find out beforehand who will accept invitations if asked to play in order that it shall not be publicly known how many refusals are received. This was the case last year, and it is the strongest argument against holding this absurd event at this time of year.

There might be some reason in having all the countries gathered together for a few days of international golf if the event were held, say, immediately preceding the Amateur Championship, on the course on which the Amateur Championship was to be played, but there can be no good reason for holding it in August, as is done at the moment.

However, I have gone into all this before, and there is no use in labouring the point. It should be made clear, though, in all fairness to the Scottish Golf Union, that the difficulty of raising a side is not the same in Scotland. An invitation to play for Scotland does mean something, even though it may mean giving up a holiday which might otherwise be spent very much more enjoyably. There is a good reason for this, apart from the impressive national loyalty of Scotsmen, in that the Scottish golf season continues far longer than the English golf season; in fact, it hardly ever stops before the open tournaments around the country are completed, and this is not until September. Scotland should win again this year, but it is an empty sort of victory, and true Scotsmen deplore this new arrangement of international matches in that the full strength of England is never met.

As I refuse to take this event seriously, it is at this time of year a definite help to me when my readers send in and suggest topics for me to write about; something which maybe they want explained. I cordially invite any of you who may have something on your minds in regard to golf to give me a chance of ventilating it, and for that reason I am more than pleased to have received a letter suggesting that the present disparity between the golf balls used in America and England is against the interest of golfers as a whole. I have no time this week to deal with this subject very fully, but I do not think, as a matter of fact, that it is one which bears very much consideration, in so far as it is obviously purely domestic. If we find that our courses are suited better by a slightly smaller ball than that which is permitted in America, we are certainly entitled to make regulations on the subject. It must not be forgotten that American golf-courses are very different to our own. They are seldom natural, in the sense that the turf is left to itself. Contingencies of climate make it necessary for the turf, both of fairways and greens, to be much more carefully looked after, and the Americans have decided that, for their courses, the best ball is one which is slightly larger than our own.

As for international competitions—well, if we are competing in America we have to obey their rules, and if they are competing over here they have to obey ours. The difference which it makes to a good golfer is obviously practically none at all, or else the Americans, who are better than we are, would not continue to win such events as our Amateur Championship and the Walker Cup.

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Their Native Heath . . . *(Continued from page 323)*

early autumn. Then there is Rosalie Fromson, half-Polish and half-Russian, but travelling on a British passport. And Yvonne Gray, brown-eyed and docile. Oh, yes, and Frazier Jelke. Here is a successful stockbroker, if ever there was one. He is chaperoned by his son and daughter-in-law.

By the time these words appear in print, Xandra Rambeau, that blonde bombshell, will be with us. Already she is being napped as the successor to Peggy Joyce. That girl certainly flies high, wide and handsome. Sleek and fascinating, Princess Faucigny-Lucinge is already here, dazzling us this evening. For the former Baba d'Erlanger dresses as marvellously as Mrs. Reggie Fellowes.

The man you never see in the Casino is René Léon, the guiding genius of Monte Carlo. Almost bald, with quick eyes and an open-necked jumper, he is always cruising in his little yacht when he can "pinch" a few hours away from work. The other week he bought six million francs' worth of land near Eze to build a new golf-course for the winter, when the clouds make play at Mont Agel difficult. But you can't miss Felix Ferry, who has been rehearsing "Les Girls" so much that he has practically danced them off their legs. Dark and emotional, he has worked himself almost into hysteria, too. You also see Gordon Leith, who owns the loveliest house in London—the one that runs right through from Hyde Park Gardens into Hyde Park Square.

Yes, it is pretty nice sitting at the Summer Sporting, with the fountains playing and the fireworks going off into bursts of green and orange and purple, and the stars overhead, and the big Senegalese at the door, and two crack American orchestras in full blast, and caviare and iced champagne and the Duke of Sutherland, and the melon du pays as well as all the big shots of Hollywood, like Daryl Zannuck and Joe Schenck, and that clever girl, Merle Oberon (how she gets around!) and Guy Lambert, who is a genuine platinum blonde, and the click of the roulette ball, and the knowledge that the cagnotte has been reduced from five per cent. to two-and-a-half per cent. Perhaps that is the most attractive bit of all. But, still, aren't we all?

The "Bystander"

GIRLS' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (16th Year)

Scratch Match-play Knock-out Tournament at Stoke Poges, September 12th, 13th and 14th. No Qualifying Round.

Open to all girls, of any nationality, who will be under nineteen years of age on September 11th, 1934.

Entries will be received up to sixty-four. Any over this number will be placed on a waiting list, from which vacancies caused by withdrawals will be filled up to the time play starts.

Entries close on Monday, August 27th, and must be made on the entrance form which appears below.

Competitors will be drawn to play in a scratch knock-out match-play tournament at Stoke Poges, September 12th, 13th, and 14th. Halved matches to be played to a finish.

Challenge Cup and replica to the winner; prizes to the runner-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

Entrance forms and all communications to be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, the Bystander Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

The proprietors of the Bystander reserve to themselves the right to alter and amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final.

The Craig Challenge Cup, scratch bogey, will be played for on September 14th by players beaten in the first, second, and third rounds of the Championship.

Stoke Court Challenge Cup.—For the player staying at Stoke Court, or who has applied for a room there and been refused, who remains in the Championship for the greatest number of rounds. A tie between two players to be decided by playing the best of three holes match play; a tie between more than two as announced.

Competitors may practise free of charge on Monday, September 10th, and their mothers or chaperons at a reduced green-fee of 3s. 6d.

WHERE TO STAY

Special Terms are offered to competitors and their friends at the following addresses:

Stoke Court, Stoke Poges, Slough, Bucks. Terms: 18s. per day.

Baylis House Hotel, Stoke Poges Lane, Slough, Bucks. Terms: 15s. per day, or 12s. without lunch.

Farnham Common Private Hotel. Terms: 12s. per day, or 10s. 6d. without lunch.

Competitors should apply *early* to The Manager at any of these.

ENTRANCE FORM — No Entrance Fee

The "Bystander" Girls' Open Championship, 16th Year,

Stoke Poges, September 12th, 13th, and 14th, 1934

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, The Bystander, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Monday, August 27th

Please enter

Miss .....

Home Address .....

.....

Telephone No......

Date and year of birth..... Club, if any ...

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON — AUGUST

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

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The "Bystander's"

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

(13th Year) Ranelagh, October 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th, 1934

and

LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

(10th Year) Roehampton, October 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th, 1934

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners-up and semi-finalists.

ROEHAMPTON: Prizes to winners, runners-up and semi-finalists.

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Wednesday, September 19th, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by post card. Such acknowledgement does not necessarily mean that the entrants will be entitled to play.*

On September 19th the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes: vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reductions of handicap should be notified at once to Miss Helme.

Pairs who have reached any Bystander Foursomes final during 1933 or 1934, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will, if entering together, have the option of being put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists*, and the entrants *must* state in which tournament they wish to play.

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps.

Both foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅞ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss Helme* of the change.

The Directors of the Bystander reserve to themselves the right to accept or refuse any entry and to alter or amend any of these conditions. The decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1934 — No entrance fee

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, The Bystander Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Wednesday, September 19th.

Ladies' Autumn Foursomes—
Ranelagh, October 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th

Roehampton Foursomes—
Roehampton, October 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th

(*PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS*)

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of*..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No.*.....

To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of*..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....*Telephone No.* .....

Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number to be notified at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above address

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Colin Keith-Johnstone as Clive and Gillian Lind as his wife in a historical drama with plenty of good scenes and action; an excellent holiday play; Savoy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

FRENCH SALAD.—Hilda Trevelyan as the mother of a family hit by the slump; Leonora Corbett as her daughter-in-law, Vera Lennox, Ellen Pollock, A. R. Whatmore, and Aubrey Dexter as some more of the family: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LIBEL!—A legal play that's as tense as most crook stuff, with Nigel Playfair and Leon M. Lion as the K.C.s, Malcolm Keen and Frances Doble: Playhouse, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.40.

LIVING DANGEROUSLY.—First-class entertainment, including a good trial scene with the Medical Council; Godfrey Tearle as the doctor-hero, Martin Walker as the villain, Carol Goodner as the wife: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE MAITLANDS.—John Gielgud is an unhappy schoolmaster, Stephen Haggard his pupil, Jack Hawkins the actor-brother, Catherine Lacey the sister, and Dame May Whitty as the foolish mother in Ronald Mackenzie's uneven play about an English family of seaside dwellers: Wyndham's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MEN IN WHITE.—A vividly real and moving play about doctors at work; the story runs on the choice of a young surgeon (Robert Douglas) between his career and his fiancée (Jill Esmond); Lewis Casson admirable as a specialist and teacher: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

QUEEN OF SCOTS.—Gwen ffrangçon-Davies is charmingly wayward, but without fire, as Mary; Laurence Olivier too good-looking for the rough Bothwell; Glyn Byam-Shaw a petulant Darnley; this is history interestingly painted on a drawing-room canvas: New, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

SIXTEEN.—A play as delightfully acted as written, about a girl (Anna Burden), who resents the marriage of her mother (Fabia Drake) to a second husband (Owen Nares): Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

SOUR GRAPES.—An excellent comedy on the theme that love between husband and wife must fade; Constance Cummings as the wife, Nicholas Hannen as the husband, and Roger Livesey as the lover, all act supremely well: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TEMPEST: Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TOUCH WOOD.—Ian Hunter as the middle-aged husband, Dorothy Hyson as the girl who gives him a glimpse of renewed youth, Marie Ney as the unselfish wife, in C. L. Anthony's comedy: Haymarket, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

With Music

MR. WHITTINGTON.—Musical comedy, with Jack Buchanan as its gay mainstay, and Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton, and Fred Emney as its further supports: Hippodrome, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

PICCOLI.—Podrecca's famous marionettes: Royalty, 8.40. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.40.

SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC.—A light musical play, with Viola Tree, Rita Page, Reginald Purdell, Kenneth Kove, and some more: Saville, 8.30.

SPORTING LOVE.—A new, all-laughing success, with Stanley Lupino as king laughter-maker, Laddie Cliff as his dancing clown-chamberlain, and Vera Bryer, Jennie Dean, and Marjorie Brown as the girls: Gaiety, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?—The Nelson Keys revue continues; the stars include Hermione Baddeley, Greta Nissen, the Diamond Brothers, Polly Luce: Vaudeville 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ADMIRALS ALL.—Laura La Plante, as a film star, gets involved with Chinese pirates and British admirals in the new Ian Hay-King Hall comedy; Clive Currie, Frank Cellier, and Aubrey Mather represent the Navy: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

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LABURNUM GROVE.—Edmund Gwenn as the family-man who may or may not be a crook, and Mary Jerrold as his wife, in J. B. Priestley's entertaining mystery-comedy: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE PRIVATE ROAD.—John Tilley gloriously funny as an amorous ex-schoolmaster, Edwin Styles neatly humorous as his rival, Dorothy Dickson as the attractive rose between two thorns: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

QUEER CARGO.—Adventures on a tramp steamer in the China Seas; Drusilla Wills is the girl; Franklin Dyall, Barry Livesey, and Robert Hale as some of the men: Piccadilly, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting back the clock nearly saved his skin; Bernard Lee is the hero: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

VINTAGE WINE.—Seymour Hicks carries the play by being his inimitable self as the gay grandfather who marries a young wife (Clair Luce); Julia Neilson excellent as his mother: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

FAMILY AFFAIRS.—Lilian Braithwaite, Athene Seyler, Mary Glynne, Gyles Isham, and Jack Livesey in Gertrude Jennings' comedy: Ambassador's, Aug. 22nd.

BLACKBIRDS OF 1934.—An all-black revue, "A Harlem Rhapsody"; the principals are Edith Wilson, Peggy Bates, Martha Thomas, Tom Moore: Coliseum, Aug. 23rd.

CINEMAS

A CUP OF KINDNESS.—The Tom Walls-Ralph Lynn farce filmed; and GREEN EYES: New Gallery.

CHU CHIN CHOW.—Oscar Asche's five-year success has Anna May Wong, George Robey, and Fritz Kortzner in its screen version: Tivoli.

CLEOPATRA.—Claudette Colbert as the lovely Egyptian, and Henry Wilcoxon as Mark Antony; the production is Cecil B. de Mille, and stupendous: Carlton.

FREEDOM OF THE SEAS.—With Clifford Mollison, Wendy Barrie, and Zelma O'Neal. And AS THE EARTH TURNS. With a new star, Jean Muir: Regal.

GIRLS PLEASE.—A new Sydney Howard absurdity: Leicester Square Theatre.

HANDY ANDY.—Will Rogers and Peggy Wood in an amusing home-town comedy. CALL IT LUCK is another comedy, with Pat Paterson and Herbert Mundin: Capitol.

JAVA HEAD.—Anna May Wong and Elizabeth Allan in an English film of Joseph Hergesheimer's novel. THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY has W. C. Fields, Baby Leroy, and Judith Allen in it: Plaza.

ROMAN SCANDALS.—Eddie Cantor's excursion into Imperial Rome makes a grand holiday "flick": Marble Arch Pavilion.

STAMBOUL GUEST.—Vamps and villains and dark intrigues, and the stars are Myrna Loy and George Brent: Empire.

MUSIC

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Sir Henry Wood conducting the B.B.C. Orchestra: Queen's Hall, 8.

To-night: Tchaikowsky Concert, plus Bliss and Bax; violin, Alma Moodie.

Aug. 22nd: Bach Concert, with Elgar's Introduction and Allegro for Strings, and Handel's Samson Overture; Isobel Baillie and Keith Falkner singing.

Aug. 23rd: Delius Concert; piano, Clifford Curzon; violin and 'cello, May and Beatrice Harrison.

Aug. 24th: Beethoven Concert, including the Eighth Symphony; and Alma Moodie playing the Violin Concerto in D.

Aug. 25th: Mixed programme; Moiseiwitsch plays Rachmaninov's Piano Concerto in D minor.

Aug. 26th: Wagner Concert; Harold Williams, Arthur Cox, and Miriam Licette as soloists.

DANCING AND DINING

In London

BLUE TRAIN.—Evening dress in the restaurant, any dress in the grill; Billy Gerhardi's band plays for both: extension night, Tuesday.

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—Walsh and Baker, entertainers at the piano; Reginald Foresythe and his band play: extension night, Friday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—"Frivolities of 1934" at midnight; Dare Lea's band. In the grill-room, *Chez Nous*, Queenie Leonard and Edward Cooper entertain.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—"Les Girls" in a special summer show; Teddy Joyce and his band do a cabaret turn, as well as play for dancing: extension night, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The Grosvenor Gaieties dance and sing at dinner and supper; Syd Lipton's band: extension night, Thursday.

QUAGLINO'S.—John Hendrik sings; Van Straten's band plays for dancing: extension night, Wednesday.

ROMANO'S.—Authentically Bohemian; the cabaret is an all-dancing one.

Out of London

ACE OF SPADES, Kingston By-Pass.—Swimming all night; dancing till 3 a.m. to Percy Chandler's band; cabaret on Saturday.

ACE OF SPADES, Great West Road.—The new large swimming-pool is now open; restaurant.

ANGMERING COURT CLUB, Sussex.—Sea-bathing, golf, riding, tennis, and dancing at week-ends; excellent food; one can stay at the Club.

ANNE BOLEYN, on the left, over the bridge at Staines.—The restaurant is in a delightful old-world house; the swimming-bath is fitted with up-to-date filtration.

BELL HOUSE, Beaconsfield.—Swimming, sun-bathing, and dancing in the pleasant restaurant. Licensed till 11.30 p.m. on week-days.

CHATEAU BLEU CLUB, Maidenhead.—Swimming in the pool; boatin' on the river; tennis; dancing every evening.

DOWNS HOTEL, Hassocks, Sussex.—A place to stay as well as drop in; Sussex Downs scenery. There's a Restorium with artificial sunlight treatment to supplement heat-waves.

EMPIRE POOL, Wembley Stadium.—England's first "waving-bath," where one can swim and dive daily from 7 a.m. to midnight for 1s.

GAY ADVENTURE, Esher.—Swimming in the sterilised and warmed pool; sun-bathing in the lovely garden; dancing to Tony Eldridge's band.

HAUTBOY HOTEL, Ockham, Surrey.—Old-world garden; good food in the unique dining-room: best cocktails on the road; no swimming.

HIND'S HEAD, Bray-on-Thames.—The food and wine are unique—a gourmet's dream—and "mine host," Barry Neame, has an eye on all the comforts of his guests.

HOWARD Park, Aston Clinton, Bucks.—The old home of the Rothschilds: swimming, dancing on Saturday, riding, tennis, special arrangements for guests arriving by aeroplane.

HUNGARIA RIVER CLUB, Maidenhead.—Swimming and sun-bathing; dancing; Douglas Byng and the Western Brothers will be appearing in the cabaret.

MARTIN'S SWIMMING POOLS, Wokingham.—A most attractive place to swim, which is slightly more expensive (2s. 6d.) on Sundays, from 3 p.m. Light refreshments.

MOORLANDS HOTEL, Hindhead.—Good food and service in peaceful surroundings; lovely position and wonderful air; no dancing or swimming.

SHOW BOAT, Maidenhead.—Swimming; dancing to Jack Allan's band from Great Fosters. Special attractions on Saturdays.

SPINNING WHEEL, and ST. CROSS HOTEL, Hoddesdon, Herts.—Beautiful grounds; the food is good; swimming and the pool has specially filtered water.

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